

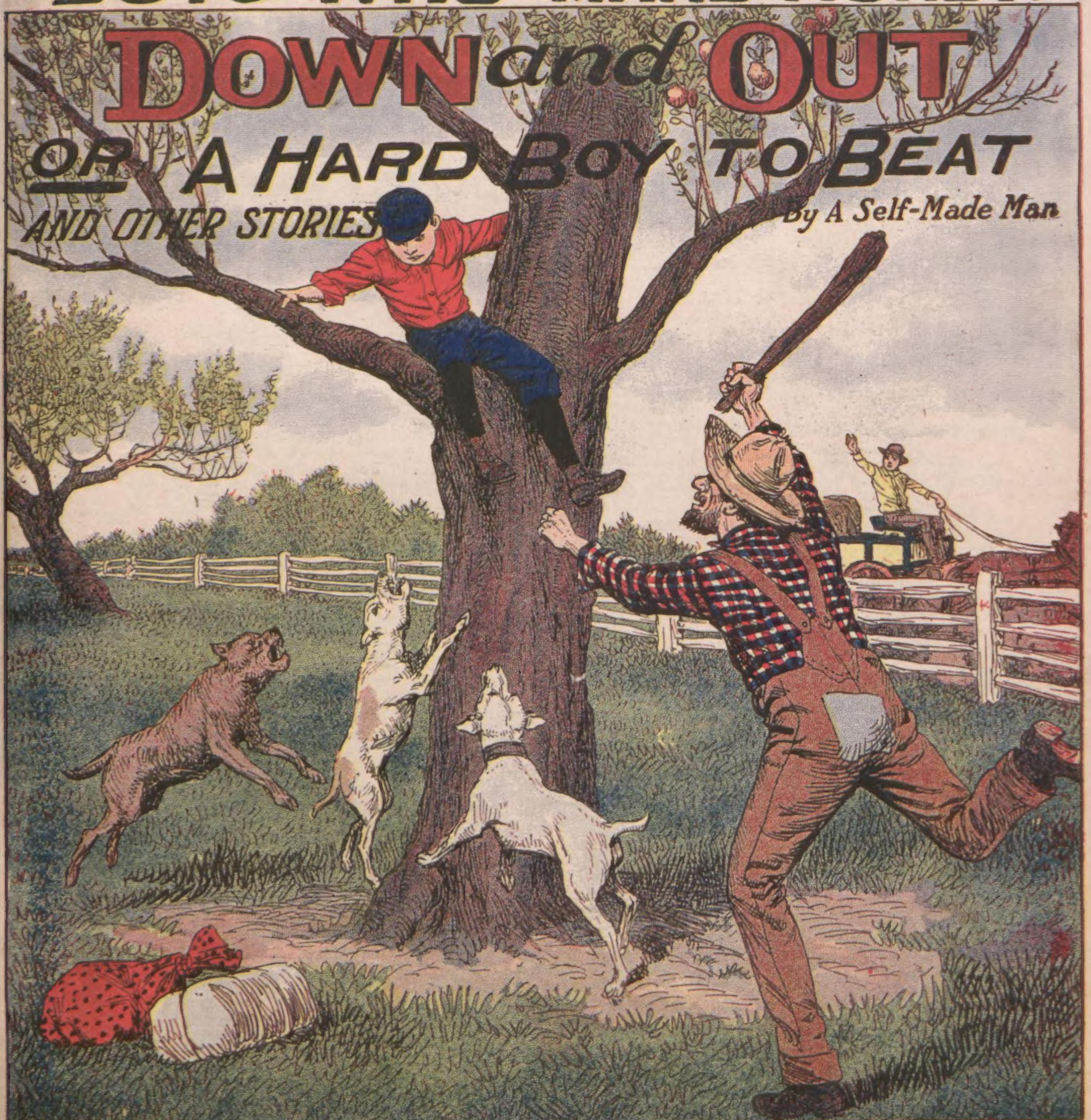
NO 451

MAY 22<sup>ND</sup> 1914

5 Cents.

# FAME <sup>AND</sup> FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF  
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



"Hey! come down out of that!" cried the farmer, rushing up with a club in his hand. Joe looked down at the three vicious dogs that had him marooned in the tree and declined to comply with the request.







# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1914, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class Matter.*

No. 451.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

# DOWN AND OUT

—OR—

## A HARD BOY TO BEAT

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### DOWN AND OUT.

"Vell, Sho, do ve got some supper at dot farm-houses yonder, or do ve got der bounce? Vot you dinks?" asked Hans Schmidt of his companion, Joe Allen, as they were tramping along a country road in the twilight of a summer day.

"It's a toss-up, Hans. We know from experience that the country people fight shy of tramps, and we come under that head, for we are down and out, though we are willing to earn a living if we could get the chance," said Joe.

"Dot's a fact. Off somepody offers us vork ve took id, I ped you; but off no one hires us to done somedings how der shim-many cribs can ve pay our vays?"

"That's right, we can't pay if we have no money. People who have no money are regarded as vagrants and are liable to be arrested on sight and sent to the workhouse."

"Py shinger, dot ain't a fair deals. It don'd been our fault dot ve ain't got some money. Off we can't found vork for vhy should ve been taken up und sent by der vorkhouses? It's a shame."

"It's the law, and the country cops enforce it. If they didn't run in a tramp once in a while, or stop an automobile that is exceeding the speed limit, they wouldn't feel that they were earning their pay."

The boys had reached the gate of the lane leading up to the yard of the farm-house by this time, and they stopped.

They were both hungry after a long day's tramp begun on a meager breakfast, grudgingly given them by a farmer's wife, who refused to avail herself of their proffered services in payment, while their dinner consisted of a small stale meat pie and a couple of slices of bread between them, the whole washed down with spring water.

They would have been willing to work half the night for a square meal.

There was nothing in sight that suggested a village, and the next house looked to be a mile away.

They had been treated to the cold shoulder at so many places, in spite of their willingness to work out the price of their meals, that it took some nerve on their part to approach the kitchen door of the farm-house in question.

In the yard they encountered the hired hand.

"What do you chaps want around here?" he said, gruffly.

"We want something to eat, and we're willing to work it out," said Joe.

"Knock on the kitchen door and see the missus about it."

The kitchen door was open to admit the light breeze that was blowing.

The boys looked in and saw a table laid with half a dozen plates, a dish with sliced cold meat, a plate of sliced bread, and other things, with a pitcher of milk.

The sight of the layout on the table made the Dutch boy's mouth water.

"Where is der vomans? I don'd seen nopody around," he said.

"She must have stepped into another room for a minute."

"Off you knock loud enough she vill come oud und den ve vill found oud off ve got some supper or not."

Joe knocked a couple of times, but no one appeared.

Then they sat down on the doorstep to wait.

While they were sitting there the farmer appeared from the barn.

"Well, who are you?" he asked, looking them and their bundles over critically.

The boys got up.

"My name is Joe Allen, and my friend is Hans Schmidt. We've been tramping all day along the road from Jarleytown. We are very tired and very hungry. If you will give us some supper and let us sleep in an outhouse we will work the price out in the morning. We'd offer to pay you in money, but we haven't a cent."

"I'm down on tramps. I gave two of them a square meal last wee, and instead of being grateful they stole two big pies my wife left outside the window to cool, and stole a coat of mine in the bargain. I swore then I wouldn't help another tramp under any circumstances."

"I'm sorry, sir. I suppose we'll have to go on. I don't blame you for turning us down under the circumstances, though it's pretty hard on us. We're not regular tramps. We're looking for work. Most tramps don't want to work."

"Hold on," said the farmer, as the boys started to move off, "as you two are boys, and don't look vicious, I guess I can afford to make an exception in your cases. You look played out, and I dunno as it's right to send you away hungry. I'll see what I can do for you. Sit down on that bench and wait."

"I guess ve got some supper after all, eh, Sho?" said Hans.

"Looks that way now, but I thought he meant to turn us away," replied Joe.

"Yaw, but he shanged his mind. He vos a pully poy mid a glass eye."

In a few minutes the farmer's wife came to the door and looked at them.

She was a pleasant-featured little woman, but rather thin from hard work, with a nut-brown complexion and mild, brown eyes.

"So you boys are tramps?" she said.

"I suppose so, ma'am," answered Joe, "but we don't like to



be classed as such. We're not lazy, and we wouldn't be idle if we could help ourselves. Work is hard to get, at least we've found it so. If we were bigger and stronger looking we might fare better."

"I really believe you are deserving," she said, in a kind tone. "My husband and I would not turn any one from our door that we believed we ought to assist."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"You look tired and hungry."

"We are, ma'am. We've had very little to eat all day, and we've walked pretty steady since we left Jarleytown early this morning."

"Where are you going?"

"To Chester, where we hope to pick up something to do."

"Haven't you any parents or friends?"

"I haven't, ma'am. I'm an orphan and down and out. Hans here has people in Germany. He came to the country to join his sister out West. Her husband has a grocery in Peoria, Illinois, and when he gets there he'll be all right. He arrived in New York three weeks ago with money enough to pay his expenses to Peoria. Unfortunately he ran against a rascal who stole all his money and his ticket on the train. The conductor put him off at a way station, near a village, and there I met him. We started to walk to Chester together. When we get there he is going to write to his sister and ask her to send him money enough to take him to Peoria. I shall stay in Chester if I get work," said Joe.

While he was speaking a boy and a girl came to the door and looked at them.

They were the farmer's children.

Joe's explanation satisfied the woman that the boys were deserving cases, and she said they could have supper with the family, and then she would see her husband about giving them a place to sleep.

Pointing to a bucket of water which stood under a shelf on which lay a piece of brown soap and a basin, she told them to wash their hands and faces, and use the coarse towel which hung under the shelf.

They hastened to do this in the gathering darkness, while the woman re-entered the house to dish up supper and lay two more plates for the young visitors.

"By shimmany, ve struck luck dis time, I ped you," said Hans.

"It was one chance in a dozen or more," returned Joe.

The open kitchen window was above the shelf, and the odor of cookery came to their noses.

Hans sniffed eagerly.

"Py shinger, dot smells makes me so hungry as a man's vot aint had noddings for a veek. I feel so empty as a vessel mit oud some dings in id."

They combed their hair as best they could with their fingers, and were then ready for the table.

The hired man came up to wash.

"Going to stay, bub?" he said to Joe.

"Yes; we have been invited to supper."

"I thought you would. The missus is kind of tender-hearted toward hungry folks even if they are tramps; but I guess you two are not regular hobos. You don't look like you were tramping it as a regular business."

"We're not. We're trying to reach Chester. I hope that will be the end of our tramping."

"Got friends there?"

"No. I don't know a soul in the world that's interested in me. My father and mother are both dead. I have no brothers or sisters, and no relative that I know of. It's up to me to hoe my own row through life. I'm down and out now, but I don't intend to remain so any longer than I can help it."

"That's the way to talk, bub. Stick to that and you'll amount to something."

The woman appeared at the door and announced that supper was on the table.

The boys went in with a sort of bashful hesitancy, and were told where to sit.

The farmhand followed, the farmer took the chair at the head of the table, and the woman helped the boys first of all in a liberal way.

There was plenty of bread and good butter, and all the milk one could drink.

Hans soon polished off his share of the cold meat and several slices of bread, which only took the edge off his hunger.

He was then helped to more, and quickly gobbled it up.

The half of an apple pie left over from dinner was divided between the boys, and they had no trouble in putting it away.

The farmer asked Joe many questions, which the boy answered quite frankly.

Hans was allowed to eat without interruption.

At the end of the meal Joe said they would be glad to make themselves useful if there was anything for them to do.

The farmer said they could accompany him to the barn where he was repairing a wagon.

The woman handed Hans a tin pail and asked him if he would fill it at the well.

"I ped you," he replied. "I fill it so often as you likes."

The son and daughter laughed at the boy's German accent.

"Vot's der matters? You dink dere is somedings funny about me?" said Hans to the boy. "You vos mistookten."

The young people laughed again.

"Vell, I don'd seen noddings funny for you to laugh at. Off I did I vould laugh mineseluf. Maybe you dink I can't get der vater by der vells oud? Come und seen me done id."

The young people thought Hans awfully funny, and they laughed once more.

He put them in mind of a Dutch clown they had seen at the circus two weeks before.

"Were you ever with a circus?" said the boy, with a grin.

"Vos I efer mit a circus?" said Hans. "For vhy you ask me dot questions?"

"Jenny and I went to the circus when it was over at West-field, and we saw a clown that talked just like you."

"Is dot so? Maybe you dink I vos der same parties—yaw?"

"No. He was a man."

"Vell, I vill be a man von off dese days, I ped you."

At that point the woman reminded Hans that she was waiting for the water, so he started for the well, which was at the end of the yard.

It was a square well, with a small wooden bucket attached to a rope worked on a windlass system.

The bucket was up at the top, and instead of turning the handle backward to lower it, Hans seized the rope above the bucket and shoved it down.

He put a lot of force into the effort, thinking it required it.

As the windlass worked easily, the rope unwound quickly.

Not meeting with the resistance he expected, Hans' head and shoulders went down into the well.

That caused him to lose his balance, and his legs went up.

For a moment he balanced on the wooden side, and then he pitched into the void.

He uttered a loud yell of terror, and went down like a shot, clinging to the rope as the windlass rapidly unwound.

There was a splash, and Hans went into the water up to his waist, one of his feet resting in the bucket and supporting him.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BURGLARY.

The wild yell that Hans let out was heard both at the house and by Joe and the farmer in the barn.

It was one of those kind of yells that attract attention.

"What in thunder has happened?" cried the farmer, making a break for the door, followed by Joe.

His wife and children were standing at the kitchen door looking toward the well.

"Helup! helup! helup!" came in muffled tones from the corner of the yard.

"My gracious!" ejaculated the farmer, "your friend has tumbled into the well. Take that lantern and follow me."

Joe went back, got the lantern off the hook and hurried out into the yard.

"Helup! helup! helup!" came from Hans again.

The farmer grabbed the lantern out of Joe's hand and flashed the light down into the well.

The half frantic Dutch boy let out another healthy yell.

His face could be dimly made out a dozen feet below.

"So you're down here, are you?" said the farmer. "Are you standing in the bucket?"

"Mein gracious, pull me oop qvick, or I vill be dead already yet," responded Hans.

"Hold on tight to the rope and we'll have you out in a minute," said the farmer.

He put down the lantern, and with Joe's help began turning the handle of the windlass.

The Dutch boy was no slight weight, but they drew him to the top.

"Now then, get out while we hold the bucket steady," said the farmer.

Hans scrambled out, dripping wet, in a hurry.



"How in thunder did you tumble in? The sides are three feet high."

"I was asked to get a pail of water. I went to push der puckets down, und by shimmany off der blamed dings didn't shust pull me down vith id."

"You pushed the bucket down, eh? Why didn't you turn the handle and unwind the rope, that would have lowered the bucket?"

"I dought dot you pushed der pucket to send id down, und turned der handle to pring id py der top oop again," said Hans.

The farmer laughed.

"Now that you're soaked, you'll have to take your clothes off and hang them up to dry. As I intended to let you chaps sleep on the hay in the loft of the barn, you might as well get up there right away. Come and I'll show you the way. When you get out of your duds you can crawl into the hay and stay there till morning. As it's a warm night, your clothes ought to be dry by then."

Hans was taken up to the loft, directed to strip and get under the hay.

Joe and the farmer squeezed the water out of the boy's clothes, piece by piece, and hung them about on nails.

Taking the lantern, the farmer and Joe returned to work downstairs.

By quarter past nine the job was finished and the farmer told his helper he could go up into the loft and turn in for the night.

"You can take the lantern to light your way," said the farmer, "but keep it away from the hay. Blow it out carefully as soon as you are done with it. You and your friend will be locked in, but the door will be open in the morning before either of you are stirring."

The farmer went away, padlocking the big door, while Joe walked up to the loft and turned in on top of the hay near his sleeping companion, after putting the lantern out.

Three hours elapsed.

During the interval the moon rose and shone into the loft through the open window overlooking the yard and house.

It fell across Joe's face and disturbed his slumber.

This and an ugly dream woke him up.

He got up and wondered what time it was.

Going to the window, he looked out.

The sound of voices below came to his ears on the still night air.

Glancing downward, he saw a man and a boy coming around the corner with a ladder.

That looked suspicious to Joe, and he watched them.

In a few moments he saw their intention was to plant the ladder under the window, and he drew back.

"They're coming up here," he thought. "They look like tramps. I'll bet their object is to roost in this loft. They noticed the open window and got the ladder."

The window was not a regular one, provided with sashes, but a small opening about a foot and a half square, provided with a wooden shutter which opened inward on hinges, and when closed was held in place by a wooden bar resting on holders.

Joe could have kept the intruders out by closing the shutter and putting the bar in place, but such a thing did not occur to him.

As he did not like the looks of the newcomers, he retired behind a feed box and waited to get a line on them before he showed himself.

The man came up first and crawled into the loft.

The boy followed.

"Now, Jimmy, we can rest on the hay for an hour or so, and by that time the people in the house will be as sound as a bell," said the man. "It's my experience that the early hours of the mornin' are the best for crackin' a crib."

"You ought to know, Bill, for you've been in the business a good while," replied the boy. "I hope we'll have better luck than at the last place. We nearly got caught there, and, what is worse, shot. This hole through my jacket shows how close I came to gettin' a bullet into me."

"I felt the wind of two of them; but what's the difference as long as nothin' happened?"

"I don't like such close calls."

"You want to stir up more sand, Jimmy," said the man, striking a match to light his pipe.

At that moment Hans gave a snort in his sleep.

Jimmy jumped a foot.

"What's that?" he said, in a scared way.

Bill looked in the direction of the sound, but couldn't see

anything suspicious, for only the Dutch boy's face was uncovered in the hay.

The sound of breathing, however, reached his ears, and he got up and went over to the spot.

He discovered Hans.

He looked at the lad a moment or two, and then around at his clothes hanging from the wall.

Hans' clothes were the worse for wear, and the man sized the boy up as a sort of tramp who had been given shelter by the farmer.

He returned to his companion.

"There's a boy asleep in the hay," he said.

"Does he belong to the place?"

"I reckon he's been given permission to sleep here for the night."

"S'pose he wakes up and sees us?"

"It would take a cannon to wake him up."

"You can't tell. People sometimes wake up all of a sudden. We'd better go further away and not talk so loud. Let's sit on that feed box."

The man had no objection, so they seated themselves on the box behind which Joe was hidden.

There the man ran over his plans for forcing an entrance into the house and stealing whatever money or valuables they could put their hands on.

Joe easily overheard all that passed between them.

The rascal intended to use the ladder to effect entrance through a second story window over the kitchen.

The boy was to go downstairs and open the back door so as to provide two means of escape.

While Bill was going through the upper floor, Jimmy was to go over the sitting-room and pick up what was worth carrying off.

That was the programme, and Joe determined to put a spoke in it.

He regarded it as his duty to protect the people who had befriended him and his friend.

Unfortunately, his position behind the feed box was cramped, and one of his feet became benumbed.

Trying to shift it, his shoe struck the box, and the noise immediately attracted the attention of the rascally pair.

"Did you hear that?" said Jimmy.

"Sure I did. It was a rat, I guess," responded Bill.

"I don't believe it was a rat," said the boy.

"What else could it be? There are always more or less rats in every barn."

"Strike a match and look."

"It isn't worth while."

Jimmy wasn't satisfied.

He fumbled in his jacket pocket and found a match.

Striking it on the box, he flashed it behind them.

Then he saw Joe looking up.

"Look! look!" he cried to his companion. "There's a boy hiding behind this box."

Bill looked, saw Joe, and uttered an imprecation.

As he sprang off the box Joe started to get up, but he was handicapped by his benumbed foot, and Bill had him by the arm before he could avoid the man.

"What are you doin' there?" demanded Bill, yanking him out on the floor.

"That's my business," replied Joe, defiantly.

"You were spyin' on us—listening to all we said."

"He'll blow the gaff and we'll be pinched," said Jimmy.

"Will he? Not if I know it. Pull out your wipe and tie it around his mouth while I hold him."

Jimmy did so, Joe being unable to prevent him.

"Now we'll tie him to that post. That will prevent him interferin' with us."

The job was soon accomplished, and Joe was helpless.

By this time the man thought it was time to get to work, so he and the boy left the loft by the same route they entered it.

As soon as they disappeared Joe put up a struggle to free himself.

He was not successful.

The rascal had tied him to the post so tight that he found it impossible to release himself.

An hour passed.

The rascally pair secured entrance into the house without awaking the farmer or anybody else.

While Jimmy worked the sitting-room, which he cleaned out of all the trinkets he thought could be turned into money, Bill got away with a wallet from the bureau of the farmer's bedroom containing \$125.

He then appropriated quite a number of small articles of value.



Satisfied with the results of the night's work, Bill went downstairs and found Jimmy eating what he found in the pantry.

Being hungry himself, Bill helped him clean out the food-stuff, after which they left the house with their bundles.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HANS IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

The pair of rascals walked out of the yard, crossed a field, entered a small wood which covered a patch of rising land, and made their way through it to a creek.

Here a small flatboat, with a half deck, was moored by a rope to a tree.

A short mast with a square sail made of stout cloth which had been coated over with parafine, rose through the deck.

The sail was attached to two cross poles, the top one, provided with lines that ran through a pulley near the top of the mast, being somewhat shorter than the other.

The sail and the two poles were furled together close to the deck.

There was also a triangular sail which worked on a line running from the end of a stubby boom to the top of the mast, and which did duty as a jib.

This was furled in place.

The boat was steered by a rudder hung upon a piece of wood nailed to the stern end of the peculiar craft.

This singular outfit was the property of several boys in the neighborhood, who had fitted her up in the manner described, and sailed up and down the creek in her when they felt so disposed.

Occasionally they ventured out on the river into which the creek emptied, but only under favorable conditions, for the boat was not easily maneuvered.

Bill and Jimmy having noticed the clumsy craft, decided that if the burglary they contemplated was pulled off successfully, that they would leave the neighborhood in the craft, as water leaves no trail.

They shoved their bags under the half deck and were loosening the main sail when the thought suddenly occurred to Bill that the boy they had left tied in the loft would surely describe their appearance to the farmer in the morning, and that would furnish the police a fine clew to work upon.

"Look here, Jimmy, we'll have to go back and get that chap we left tied in the loft," he said.

"What for? What do we want with him?" said Jimmy, in surprise.

Bill explained.

Jimmy didn't like the idea of going back, though the distance was not far, but his companion's argument carried weight.

"But he'll be in the way aboard here, and we may get caught by havin' him with us," he said.

"There's an island on the river below this creek covered with small trees. We'll put him ashore there, leavin' him tied up."

"If nobody came there he'd starve to death."

"What do we care? Nobody could prove that we put him there."

"We might be found out, and then we'd be hung."

"Don't be a chump. Come on."

Jimmy followed his companion reluctantly.

They re-entered the farmyard, planted the ladder against the loft window again, and went up.

Joe was where they left him.

He was unbound from the post, and then his arms and legs bound with the rope.

He was then carried to the window, and Jimmy getting out first, he was lowered to the ground and carried off to the creek.

The rascals made some noise in carrying off their victim, and it awoke Hans.

He sat up in time to see the form of Bill going through the window.

Naturally, he thought it was Joe.

"Here, Sho, where you been going by dot vinder out?" he called out.

Receiving no reply he got up, but before showing himself at the window he put on his undergarments, for owing to the brightness of the moonlight he wasn't sure but it was morning.

Then he looked out and saw an astonishing sight—Bill and Jimmy disappearing around the end of the barn with Joe between them.

Hans did not recognize his companion in the helpless burden, but he thought Jimmy was Joe, and Bill was the farmer.

The proceeding was so singular that Hans didn't know what to make out of it.

"By shinger, for vhy dey are carrying dot fellows at dis hours off der night?" ejaculated the Dutch boy, who saw that it wasn't morning at all. "I found dot oud, I ped you, or I know der reasons vhy not."

Hans' curiosity being excited, he hurriedly put on his clothes, crawled out of the window, let himself down the ladder and started around the corner of the barn.

He expected to find the party close at hand, instead of which they were not.

It was some moments before he described the procession in the distance making for the wood.

"By shimmany, dere dey vos valking by dot voods in mit der shap between dem. Vun would dink he was a dead mans dey vos going to bury. I vill seen vot id all means purty qvick."

He started after the party as fast as he could go.

Incommoded by their prisoner, Bill and Jimmy could not cover the ground as fast as Hans, who rapidly overtook them.

He reached the edge of the wood by the time they got to the flatboat.

They laid Joe on the ground while they went about setting the mainsail.

As they hoisted it Hans came rushing down to the creek.

"Here, Sho, vot's up?" he called out.

Startled by the voice the two rascals looked at the newcomer.

Bill recognized him as the boy he had discovered sleeping in the hay of the loft.

Clearly he had followed them to the creek, probably to try and rescue the prisoner, who was doubtless his companion.

That's the way Bill figured the case on the spur of the moment.

He saw that something had to be done to choke off the new arrival.

"The only thing that could be done was to make a prisoner of him, too."

Telling Jimmy to follow and help him, he sprang ashore.

The moonlight shining on his face showed Hans that he was not the farmer.

A moment later he saw that Jimmy was not Joe.

Then he stopped in an undecided way.

"What brings you here?" said Bill, gruffly, advancing toward him.

"Vhy, I dought you vos der farmer, und dot he vos mine friend Sho, but I seen now I vos mistookten. Maype you vill told me vot you been doing mit dot fellers der ground on?"

At that moment Joe managed to scrape the gag from his mouth, and he shouted:

"Look out for those chaps, Hans, they're crooks."

Hans recognized Joe's voice, and was astonished to hear it proceeding from the person on the ground.

Then for the first time he noticed that the person was bound hand and foot.

He was not a quick thinker, and before he got things properly shaped in his mind Bill rushed upon him and knocked him down with a swinging blow of his fist.

The rascal then jumped on him and held him down.

"Get a piece of rope, Jimmy, and we'll tie this fellow," he said.

"Vot's der matter mit you, anyvay?" cried Hans, putting up a struggle.

He was a strong boy, and gave Bill a lot of trouble to hold him.

"Lie still or I'll tap you on the bean," said Bill, threatening.

"For vhy I should lie still, you big loafers? You t'ink I let you sit on me for noddings? I ped you nit."

Hans gave a heave and nearly unseated the rascal.

Quite a struggle took place between them for the mastery, and while they were at it Jimmy came up with the rope.

He grabbed Hans by the legs and tied them, then while Bill held on to the Dutch boy's arms he tied them to his side.

That put Hans out of business.

They left him talking away as mad as a hornet, while they returned to the boat and hoisted the jib.

All being ready for their departure, they carried each prisoner in turn aboard the craft and shoved him under the half deck head first.

The mooring rope was let go, and Bill poled the boat out from the shore until the wind caught the sails and she began to make slow headway toward the river, a short distance away.

When morning dawned an hour later, the flatboat was mov-



ing down the river toward a small island which lay in the middle of the stream.

"This boat is slower than molasses," said Jimmy. "If we don't leave her and cut across the country we'll be pinched as sure as eggs are eggs."

"And if we are seen carryin' those bags of swag we'll be spotted and pinched anyway," replied Bill.

"Couldn't we hide the stuff on the island or on the shore and come back for it later?"

"I guess we'd better do that. The bunch of bills I collared will keep us goin' for a while. No use of takin' too many chances."

"That's right," said Jimmy. "The island is the safest place to hide it; but how about the prisoners? Are you going to leave them there, too?"

"I've got a new idea about them."

"What is it?"

"We'll leave them aboard the boat when we step ashore on the other side and send her adrift. It will be some time before they get out of trouble, and by that time we'll be out of the county, and what they tell about us won't count for much."

"That ain't a bad scheme," agreed Jimmy.

As the wind had dropped some with the coming of sunrise, the boat drew near the island at a snail's pace.

Finally the flatboat grounded on the narrow beach, and Bill sprang ashore with the mooring rope and tied it about a rock.

The prisoners had to be pulled out from under the deck before the rascals could get at the two bags of plunder.

Then they were shoved back, as if they were sacks of merchandise, and Bill and Jimmy, shouldering the bags, stepped ashore and disappeared among the trees to look up a good spot to hide their booty.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JOE AND HANS START TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE.

At about the time the flatboat stopped at the island in the river, Farmer Lane awoke at his customary hour and proceeded to dress himself.

Suddenly he became aware that the drawer of his bureau in which he had put a wallet holding \$125 was partly open.

He knew he had locked it and hidden the key under a small crockery figure of a milkmaid which stood on a shelf nearby.

The key was in the lock, and a glance at the shelf on which the milkmaid stood showed that the ornament was no longer there.

The farmer, with a feeling of apprehension, pulled open the drawer and looked for the wallet.

To his dismay it was gone, and with it had vanished his money.

The discovery greatly staggered him.

As the drawer was locked when he retired the night before, it seemed evident that a thief had entered his room while he and his wife were asleep and robbed him.

The farmer looked around the bedroom and saw that all the small ornaments of value had vanished, too.

That convinced Farmer Lane that a burglar had been in the house.

He aroused his wife and told her what had happened.

She was greatly disturbed and, getting up, soon convinced herself that what her husband had told her was only too true.

The farmer called the hired man and told him about the robbery.

Much excited, the man rushed to his trunk where he kept his money, expecting to find it broken open and the money gone.

He was pleasantly disappointed.

His trunk had not been tampered with.

Downstairs the farmer found evidences of further loss.

The sitting-room had been pretty well skinned of small articles.

He heard his hired man calling him.

Going out, the man pointed at the barn.

"Look at that ladder under the window. It wasn't there last night when we closed up. The burglar must have put it there to enter the barn, though what he expected to find there to take away gets me," he said.

"I should think his entrance would have aroused the boys. Apparently it did not, or they would have given the alarm. Take the ladder away. I will look around the barn and see if there is anything missing," said the farmer.

He unlocked and opened the big doors.

Farmer Lane made a rapid survey of the lower floor, but nothing was missing as far as he could notice.

In the loft there was nothing but hay and feed.

The farmer went up to arouse the boys.

To his surprise the boys were not there.

He looked all over the loft, but there was no sign of them. On the floor he found one of the small ornaments stolen from his bedroom.

His mind began to fill with suspicion.

And it was directed against the two boys whom he had charitably furnished with supper and lodgings.

Why had they left the barn, apparently some time during the night, and where had they gone?

It was understood that they were to breakfast at the house before resuming their tramp to Chester.

Their disappearance looked mighty bad, particularly in view of the burglary.

The presence of the stolen ornament in the loft showed conclusively that the thief had been there after the crime.

The ladder under the window showed how the boys had left the loft.

In his excited state of mind the farmer did not ask himself how the ladder could have got there in the first place.

When not in use it was kept under the back of the barn.

The boys could not have taken it from its resting place and put it where the farmhand discovered it without first getting out of the loft.

And if they had dropped out of the window, the only means of exit open to them, what need was there for them looking for the ladder and putting it under the opening of the loft?

The farmer was all up in the air.

His house had been robbed and the boys were missing.

The two facts seemed to dovetail into each other.

His wife was in the kitchen making preparations for breakfast, and he went in and told her about the disappearance of the boys.

"I hate to say it, Maria, but it looks as if they are the robbers."

"I can't believe it," she said. "I never saw a more honest face than that boy Joe had; and as for the German lad, there was nothing of the thief about him."

"That was my opinion until I found them gone and this ornament up in the barn loft. How could it have got there unless taken by the thief? I'm afraid we have been terribly deceived in those boys. They must be the thieves who broke into the house and took what we have missed. If they are not the thieves, why did they leave the barn before daybreak and without their breakfast?" said the farmer.

The most convincing evidence of the boys' guilt was the fact that they had gone away in a sneaky manner, and the farmer decided that they must be overhauled by the constable of the adjacent village of Greenville.

The hired man harnessed one of the horses to the light wagon, and the farmer was soon on his way to the village.

In the meanwhile Joe Allen and Hans Schmidt, left to themselves under the flatboat's half deck, were still chafing over the rough treatment they had been subjected to.

While the boat was making its slow trip down the creek, and then the river, they had made a vigorous effort to crawl out backward, but were reminded by several blows from a rope's end to remain where they were.

In their helpless state they were obliged to succumb in order to escape further punishment.

When the boat came to a rest at the island, and they were yanked out so that Jimmy could pull out the two bags of plunder, they both expressed their sentiments quite forcibly.

Bill paid no attention to their remarks, and when the bags were out they were shoved back again.

Seeing that the two rascals were going ashore, Joe waited only long enough for them to get out of the way when he started to wiggle out.

Hans followed him.

The shoving and hauling they had been subjected to had loosened their bonds somewhat.

"If we could only get loose we would put up a fight against those chaps," said Joe, who had already told his companion that the rascals had robbed the farm-house where they had been given food and shelter.

"By shinger, yes!" responded Hans, who was mad enough to tackle both their enemies single-handed.

"Do your best to free your hands before they come back."

"I vill done id, I ped you. Vot for dey carry us off for, any-vay?"

"I couldn't tell you, unless their idea is to make it appear that we are the thieves. When the farmer discovers that his house has been robbed, and that we are gone from the barn, he is likely to suspect us."



"Shimmany! den he vould chase us und have us arrested, ain't id?"

"I expect that is what he'll do; but he is hardly likely to look for us in this direction. The first thing he will do is to go to the village a mile away and report the robbery and his suspicions of us to the constable there. That officer will collect a posse and start out to scour the neighborhood, expecting to find us somewhere on the way to Chester, where we told the farmer we were bound."

"Vell, he von't found us on der road," said Hans.

"That's certain, for we're on the river. If we could only get free, capture those chaps and recover what they stole, we would make a hit with the farmer and his family. I should like to do it to repay them for their kindness to us."

"Dot's right. Ve owe dem somedings for der supper und lodgings."

At that moment Joe got one of his hands free.

The other followed.

"I've got my hands loose," he said.

"Den helup me got loose, too," said Hans.

"Wait till I get my knife and cut the rope around my legs."

It didn't take Joe long to accomplish that, and then he cut his companion free of his bonds.

"Now, by shinger, ve show dem loafers some dings I ped you," said Hans, aggressively.

"I'll tell you what we might do."

"Go on und told me."

"Release the rope that's holding the boat to the rock and sail across to the bank. That would leave the rascals marooned on this island unless they are good swimmers. We could then hurry back to the farm and tell the farmer where the burglars are. He and the constable should be able to capture them without trouble with the goods in their possession."

"Let's done dat," said Hans.

"I hear their voices. They are coming back, so we haven't any time to spare. Grab that pole and be ready to shove the boat off as soon as I release the rope."

Joe jumped ashore, pulled the noose off the rock and jumped back.

"Shove off!" he cried.

Hans shoved with all his strength, and the boat floated away from the beach.

Joe gave the Dutch boy a hand to expedite matters, and the boat was twenty feet from the shore when Bill and Jimmy came in sight and saw what was happening.

With a roar of anger Bill rushed forward and shouted to the two boys to put back, at the same time drawing a revolver and threatening to shoot them if they didn't.

"Mine gracious, ve better gif oop, or ve got shot," cried Hans, clearly scared by the gun.

"Get down out of sight and leave the business to me," said Joe.

Hans fell down in the open part of the boat, while Joe pulled up the pole as if he was going to surrender.

But he had no intention of doing so.

The tide of the river was slack just then, and left to itself the boat remained stationary, for there was little wind blowing—not enough to move such a sluggish craft as the flatboat, though both sails were spread.

The bow, as indicated by the jib and stubby bowsprit, for both ends of the boat were fashioned alike, was pointed away from the island.

Joe's purpose was to put the main sail between him and the rascal so as to prevent him taking aim at him.

Standing between the mainsail and the jib, he could pole the craft further away and be out of sight of the enemy.

He stood a chance, however, of being hit, anyway, by a bullet, but by stepping from side to side he thought he would avoid the man's fire.

"Shove her back, and be quick about it!" called out the ruffian.

Joe made a bluff to obey, but instead slipped out of sight behind the sail.

Bill didn't get on to his tactics until he saw that the boy had resumed poling off from the island.

Then with an imprecation he fired at the spot he supposed Joe to be.

The bullet perforated the sail and hummed past Joe's ear.

"Gee! that was a close call," muttered the boy.

"Put back, d'ye hear, or I'll shoot again," called out the rascal.

Joe stepped to the other side of the boat and resumed poling there.

Bill banged away again, but without result, though the bullet went within a few inches of the boy's head.

The boat was thirty feet away when Bill fired the third shot. The ball chipped a small splinter out of the mast.

He had only one cartridge left, and he wanted to save that for emergencies.

While he stamped about on the beach, swearing like a trooper, Joe continued to widen the distance between the flatboat and the island.

## CHAPTER V.

### TREED.

During the foregoing proceeding Hans wisely kept out of sight.

He heard the three cracks of the revolver, and wondered if his companion had been hit.

As he heard no sound from Joe, and could feel the impetus given to the boat by the pole at frequent intervals, he came to the conclusion that he had escaped the shots.

When the shooting stopped he ventured to take a peep above the stern.

He bobbed down immediately when he saw Bill flourishing the gun.

He was afraid to repeat the performance, fearing that the man was waiting for his head to appear again.

Finally he called out to Joe, asking him how he was getting on.

"First rate," answered his companion. "The rascal has stopped shooting, for he sees that he can't get a line on me."

"By shinger, dot was smard off you to get der sail behind. How far you got from der islands by dis dimes?"

"About twice as far as when he began firing at me."

"Vell, look oud he don'd got you by some trick."

"You can get up. He's put the gun in his pocket."

Hans prudently took a cautious peep first, and then he sat up in a position which would enable him to duck out of sight if the man pulled his gun again.

Having got about twenty-five yards from the island, Joe began forcing the craft shoreward.

Bill, having given up hope of recovering the boat and their late prisoners, was in earnest consultation with Jimmy as to what they should do.

Both cast longing looks at the opposite shore as if meditating taking to the water and swimming in that direction.

As neither could swim much they did not dare attempt the feat.

They finally disappeared into the shrubbery.

At the end of half an hour Joe, assisted by Hans, got the boat alongside the river bank and tied it up.

"You stay here, Hans, and watch the island," said Joe. "If those rascals try to swim for the other shore, perhaps you will be able to see them. I'm going to the farm to tell the farmer how the land lies. He and his hired hand, and maybe the constable, will come back with me, and if the rascals are still on the island, we'll get them and the stolen stuff."

"All right, Sho, I vill wait und keep vatch. I hope you got back soon."

Joe started.

To reach the Lane farm by the shortest cut he had to cross several fields and pass close to one farm-house.

As he drew near the house he saw a woman eyeing him.

She disappeared, and a man came to the door.

He was a typical farmer.

He looked sharply at the boy, and finally started toward him.

"Who are you, young feller?" he said.

"My name is Joe Allen. I'm——"

"Joe Allen, eh? Then I guess you're one of the chaps wanted for burglary over at the Lane place," and the farmer grabbed him by the arm. "Where's your companion?"

"I didn't rob the Lane house. Two crooks did that," replied Joe.

"Yes, I guess so, and you're one of them. Come on now, I'm going to turn you over to the constable. He's looking for you and your pal."

"You are laboring under a mistake. I'm on my way to the Lane farm to tell Mr. Lane where the thieves are. If he doesn't lose any time he ought to be able to catch them."

"That's a likely story, young feller. You were sneaking up to my house to see what you could hook."

"I tell you you are wrong. Don't detain me, for I'm in a hurry."

"I guess you are—in a hurry to get away. You can't fool me. Now I've got you, I'm going to hold on to you."

Joe saw there was no use arguing with him.



The man had made up his mind he was one of the thieves, and intended holding on to him till he sent word to the constable.

That was going to cause such a delay that Joe feared the rascals on the island would be able to find some way of making their escape.

He was anxious to have them caught in order to relieve him and Hans of the suspicion they rested under.

As the farmer essayed to take a better grip on his arm he jerked himself free and started for the road on the run.

The farmer rushed after him, but seeing that he was being outstripped, he turned aside, ran to a dog-house, and, releasing the three watch-dogs tied there, he pointed out the fleeing boy to them and started them in pursuit.

Joe vaulted the fence and ran on across another field.

He was half way across this when he heard the yelping dogs in chase.

He saw right away that they were after him, and he put on a spurt to elude them.

They came up so fast that he saw he could not escape them, and, feeling greatly concerned for his safety, he made for a tree close by.

He reached it and found it some job to shin up to the crotch of the nearest bough.

He barely succeeded in reaching a place of safety when the dogs darted up and sprang at his dangling feet.

"It's a good thing dogs can't climb trees or they'd have me," thought Joe. "Still they've got me cornered, and I'll have to stay here as long as they do."

Looking back at the house, the boy saw the farmer running toward the tree waving a club in his hand.

As the farmer could climb, the prospect look bad for the fugitive.

At that moment a wagon, driven by a boy, came down the road.

He reined in his horse when he saw the predicament Joe was in, wondering what the treed boy had done to arouse the farmer's resentment.

"Hey! come down out of that!" cried the farmer, rushing up with a club in his hand.

Joe looked down at the three vicious dogs that had him marooned in the tree, and declined to comply with the request.

"Come down, do you hear me?" cried Farmer Greg.

"I don't want to get bitten," replied Joe. "Call off your dogs first."

"You deserve to be bitten, you young thief."

"I'm not a thief."

"Yes, you are. You and your Dutch pal robbed Farmer Lane's house last night. That was a nice way to show your gratitude for a supper and a bed in the loft of his barn. You wouldn't have played that game on me, I can tell you. The Lanes are too soft toward strangers. I've always told them they'd regret it some time."

"You're making a great mistake."

"I reckon not. You said your name was Joe Allen, and that is the name one of the thieves gave. The other said his name was Hans Schmidt."

"I'll tell you how we'll settle this thing."

"You won't tell me nothing. Come down or I'll climb up and club you down."

"I'm willing to come down and go over to Farmer Lane's place with you."

"You'll come down whether you're willing or not," said the farmer, making a shy at his legs with the club, which Joe avoided by climbing higher.

"Will you take me over to the Lane farm if I come down?"

"I'll make no bargain with you."

"Then I won't come down."

"I'll see if you won't," cried the farmer, starting to climb up. This he found impossible to do with the club in his hand.

Springing up he laid the club in the lower crutch, then threw up his legs and wound them around the trunk.

Joe saw his chance.

He slipped back, seized the club and poked the farmer in the stomach.

The man uttered a grunt, released his legs and dropped to the ground.

"You young villain, I'll pay you for that," he cried.

He grabbed the smallest dog and flung him up into the crotch.

The dog got on his hind legs and made a snap at Joe's shoe.

Joe swung the club, caught the dog on the side of the head a good crack that sent him yelping to the ground.

"Oh, you young scoundrel!" cried Farmer Greg, shaking his fist at the boy.

"I'm not a scoundrel. If you'd only listen to reason——"  
"Listen to fiddlesticks! I'll fix you. I'll get my gun and fill you full of bird shot. Here, Towser, Tiger, Jigger—watch him! Now then, get away if you can."

The farmer, satisfied he had the boy treed, started for the house.

During all this time the boy in the road waited to see how things would terminate.

It was soon clear that his sympathies were with Joe.

When the farmer reached the house he got out of the wagon with his whip, clambered over the fence and approached the tree.

"Look out!" cried Joe, "those dogs are bad ones."

The boy said nothing, but came on.

The dogs began to growl, but made no effort to go for him.

They had been told to watch Joe, and they knew their duty.

The boy swung his long whiplash and tickled the hide of one of the animals.

He gave a yelp and sprang back.

The boy followed him up till the dog fairly turned tail and ran off a short distance.

He applied the same tactics to the second dog, and sent him back, too.

The third retired at the first attack.

"Come down, young fellow, and run for the wagon. I'll keep the dogs off," he said.

Joe dropped and ran with the club in his hand to use if necessary.

The dogs started to chase him, but the boy with the whip dexterously held them at bay, darting from one side to the other and cracking his whip.

He knew that these particular dogs were afraid of a whip, otherwise he might not have attempted the rescue.

Joe bounded over the fence and climbed into the wagon just as the farmer came out of his house with a shotgun.

The other boy followed, started up his nag, and off they went, leaving Farmer Greg to swear over the failure of his tactics to capture the boy he believed to be a thief.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RELIEVED OF SUSPICION

"What was the trouble about?" asked the young driver of Joe.

Joe told him the whole story in as few words as possible, but before he was quite through they reached the lane leading up to Farmer Lane's place.

The boy reined in when Joe said he was going to call on the farmer who had been robbed and explain things.

Joe finished his story, and the lad expressed his interest in the affair.

He said he was willing to accept Joe's statement of his innocence.

"What's your name?" asked Joe.

"Will Barnaby. Yours is——"

"Joe Allen."

"You're on your way to Chester, you say?"

"Yes."

"Our farm is just outside Greenville, that's the name of the next village. Stop in on your way and ask for me. I'll see that you and your friend are treated right," said Barnaby.

Joe thanked him for the invitation, said he would avail himself of it, and then bade him good-by.

He walked up the lane, entered the yard and approached the kitchen door.

At that moment Mrs. Lane came out with a sunbonnet on.

She immediately recognized the boy.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lane," said Joe, politely. "Is your husband around?"

"No, he is not. He's off with the constable and several men looking for you and your companion."

"I expected that. My friend and I are suspected of having robbed your house last night. I know that from what the farmer down the road said to me. He set his dogs on me in an attempt to catch me, but I got away with the help of a boy named Barnaby who lives on a farm near Greenville. I was on my way here and did not want to be caught and detained. Hans and I know who robbed your house. They are a man and a boy, and if they haven't succeeded in getting away they are on an island in the river with the stolen stuff. They caught Hans and me early this morning and carried us off in a flat-boat they had. We made our escape with the boat, and I



came here as soon as I could to tell your husband so he and the constable could go to the island and nab the rascals," said Joe.

"There, I knew you couldn't have robbed us. You didn't look like real bad boys. I told my husband so, but he said if you were innocent you wouldn't have gone away during the night. That was what turned suspicion on you, and I felt ready to cry to think that I might have been deceived in you both," said the woman.

Joe then told the whole story in detail, and Mrs. Lane declared she believed him.

"I suppose you have no idea where your husband and his party is?"

"No. I think they went looking for you on the road to Chester."

"Too bad. They won't find us that way. Is your hired man around?"

"He's in the field."

"I think if he went with me, and fetched a revolver, we could catch the men."

"I'll call him."

She got a horn from the kitchen and blew it several times.

In a little while the farmhand was seen approaching.

He was surprised to see Joe when he came in the yard, for he believed the two boys to be guilty of the robbery.

Joe went over enough of his story to change his opinion, and told him where the thieves were apparently marooned.

He agreed to accompany Joe and try to catch them.

Mrs. Lane brought him her husband's revolver, and they started for the place where Joe expected to find Hans awaiting his return.

On reaching the place there were no signs of either Hans or the flatboat.

"This is mighty funny," said Joe. "I am sure the boat couldn't have got away, and Hans wouldn't have left, either."

He pointed out the tree he had tied the boat to.

They walked down the stream and looked at the island, but nobody appeared to be on it.

The hired man's suspicions returned, and he wondered what kind of a game Joe was playing on him.

Joe looked puzzled and disturbed.

"I wonder if those rascals could have swum over and caught Hans off his guard?" he said. "If they did they carried him off a prisoner again. In that case, as the boat was a slow sailer, they can't be far down the river. Let us walk on a bit."

The farmhand decided to do so, though he thought Joe's story rather fishy.

Half a mile below the island the river swung around a turn.

Reaching that point, Joe saw the boat in the middle of the stream, floating slowly along.

As far as he could see no one was in her.

"There's the boat now," he said, pointing.

"I see her," said the hired man. "That craft belongs to the Greg boys. It was their father who set the dogs on you, according to your story. I don't see any one on the craft. Looks as if she'd been sent adrift."

"How are we going to reach her?" asked Joe.

"Give it up unless we can find a rowboat somewhere along shore."

They kept abreast of the flatboat easily enough, for the only headway she was making was what she got from the ebb tide.

"I don't see much use following that craft," said the farmhand at last. "It is only a waste of time."

Joe was beginning to be of the same opinion when suddenly they saw a figure rise up from the open space.

"There's Hans," cried Joe, recognizing his companion.

The Dutch boy looked around and saw them on the shore.

"Helup! Take me off!" he cried out.

"Get the pole and work inshore," Joe shouted back.

Hans stood up with some difficulty and showed that his arms were tied.

"Those rascals must have got him and sent him adrift in the boat," said Joe.

Evidently the Dutch boy could do nothing to help himself.

They followed the flatboat for half a mile, and then they came to a shallow cove where a skiff was tied to a stake.

There were no oars in her, but Joe got aboard of her, cut her loose and began paddling her toward the flatboat with his hands.

It was slow work, but he reached the drifting boat, and stepped on board of her.

He quickly cut Hans free, and learned from him that the boy rascal had swum from the island unknown to him, and coming up behind him had knocked him over with a blow from a stick.

While he lay dazed, the youth tied his hands and dragged him aboard the boat.

Then he poled the boat to the island where the man was waiting.

He got aboard and poled the boat to the other shore.

There they sent the boat adrift with Hans in her.

Joe poled the flatboat to the bank where the farmhand was, and tied her up.

There they left her for the Greg boys to go after her if they chose.

Hans' account showed that the thieves had got a fair start for parts unknown, but had left their bags of plunder on the island.

The three returned to the Lane farm, where they found the farmer who had come back, leaving the constable and his party to continue the hunt for the suspected boys.

Mrs. Lane had just finished telling her husband about the return of Joe, repeating the story the boy told her about the man and the boy burglar who had robbed the house, and afterward made prisoners of him and his companions.

She said Joe and the hired man had gone off together to capture the rascals.

Farmer Lane was surprised at the turn of affairs, and was inclined to credit the story.

Then the hired man and the two boys turned up.

"You didn't catch the men, I see," said the farmer.

"No. They made their escape after stealing a march on Hans," said Joe. "Tell your story to Mr. Lane, Hans."

The Dutch boy did so.

The farmer said he would get a boat and row over to the island and see if the stolen property could be found there, and asked the boys to accompany him, which they readily agreed to do.

They visited the island, and after an hour's search they found the two bags of plunder hidden in a hole screened by bushes.

They carried it back to the farm.

The \$125 had been carried off by the thieves, and unless they were caught, it was as good as lost to the farmer.

The boys took dinner at the house, and then went on their way again.

As they were liable to be seen and arrested by the constable, Farmer Lane supplied them with a note to the officer which would relieve them from the charge they had been suspected of.

As they neared the village, they turned into the Barnaby farm.

Will Barnaby was in the yard, and recognizing Joe, gave them a hearty welcome.

Joe told him the sequel to the robbery up to the escape of the rascals.

Will introduced them to his mother, and later to his father. He wanted them to spend the afternoon, take supper and remain all night.

As they had a package of food given them by Mrs. Lane, and Joe wanted to reach Chester as soon as he could, they declined the hospitality of the Barnabys.

Will then harnessed up the wagon and took them to the village of Thornbury, five miles on their road, where they parted company with him.

Farmer Lane, having given Joe \$5 for his assistance in enabling him to get back the main articles stolen by the thieves, the two boys felt rich enough to hire a double-bedded room for the night at the hotel, and pay for supper.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JOE AND HANS CONNECT WITH A JOB.

"Vell, Sho, no von would took us for tramps yust now, I ped you," said Hans, as the two boys sat in chairs on the small hotel porch, and waited for supper-time to come around.

"No; persons who can pay their way are not considered tramps. They can use the highway as much as they please, without fear of being pulled in by the local constables," said Joe.

"Did you found oud how much further ve have to valk to reach Shester?"

"About twenty miles from here."

"Den ve got dere to-morrow, I guess."

"We ought to reach the town by to-morrow afternoon."

"Den ve vill found some vork maybe."

"I hope so. You won't stay there any longer than it is necessary to hear from your sister."

"Maybe I took my time writing to her."

"Why? Aren't you anxious to reach Peoria?"

"Vell, I vos anxious in a vays. Der fact is ve haf got along



so vell togedder I hate dot ve part gompany. I would yust as soon valk all der vays to Peoria off you vent along, too."

"My idea in traveling to Chester was to get work. It's a big place, and I was told I stood a good chance of securing employment there. If I do I shall stay there. A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Maybe I took a shob dere mineseluf und stayed, too."

"Your sister might object to that."

"Off I got a shob I vill told her dot Shester is yust so good as Peoria, und she vill not seen me yet avhile."

At that moment the supper bell rang.

They got up and went into the dining-room.

After the meal they took a walk around the village and then turned in.

They turned out early, were the first at breakfast, and after Joe settled with the landlord they resumed their tramp along the highway.

About ten o'clock they stopped under a big oak tree to rest.

A branch road from the south joined the turnpike at this point.

Coming at a jog trot up the branch was a covered van drawn by a pair of stout horses, driven by a tall, thin, dark-complexioned man.

The rig turned into the main road, and the driver halted under the oak tree.

The boys looked with some curiosity at the van, which was almost as gaudy as a circus wagon.

The side toward them was lettered "Dr. Bolus Salmagundi's Infalible Remedies. A Great Boon to the World. Warranted to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded. The Golden Discovery Cures Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats. The Egyptian Essence cures Toothache, Earache, Backache, and all other aches. Swamp Root Pills are an Infalible Remedy for Rheumatism. Sufferers from Stomach Troubles will find the Mandrake Powders invaluable as a certain cure. Dr. Bolus Salmagundi, Sole Proprietor and Dispenser."

The other side of the wagon was similarly lettered, while the closed doors at the back of the van were inscribed with the same reading.

"Vot a funny vagons, Sho," said Hans.

"A traveling vendor of patent nostrums."

"Nostrums, vot you mean by dot vord?"

"Quack medicines."

The driver surveyed the two boys with a sharp eye.

"Live around here, young fellows?" he asked.

"No, we're walking to Chester," replied Joe.

"That's about fifteen miles from here. Where do you hail from?"

"Greenville last."

"That's six miles back along this road. Intend to walk all the way to Chester?"

"If we don't get a lift we do."

"I'm going there. You can hop up on the seat beside me. I guess there's room enough for the three of us."

"Much obliged. We'll take your offer."

They mounted to the seat.

The driver appeared to be in no hurry to resume his way.

It was a hot summer day, and though the seat was protected by an overlapping roof and sides, it was a warm spot in the sunshine.

He asked the boys what their names were, and seemed to take a great shine to Hans. "Are you the owner of this van?" asked Joe.

"I am," replied the man.

"Then you are Dr. Bolus Salmagundi?"

"That is my name."

"You travel around the country selling your own remedies?"

"That is the business I'm engaged in."

"You appear to be traveling alone? Don't you need an assistant?"

"I do need an assistant very much," replied the doctor. "I am going to Chester to advertise for one. The boy I had, a very capable young fellow, left me in the lurch without notice to join a traveling show two days ago. I have to replace him before I can resume business. I suppose neither of you boys would care to join me? In fact, I would be willing to take you both, for I have three bunks in the caravan."

"Do you live altogether in the wagon?" said Joe.

"As a rule, but we often dine at country hotels along my route when it is convenient," said the doctor.

"What would you pay us, and what would we be expected to do?" said Joe.

"If I could depend on you staying with me up into fall, I would give you \$6 a week each. Your board and lodging are

included. That should be worth \$6 more, for I provide good food."

The doctor then outlined their duties, which included driving the vehicle in turn, attending to the care of the horses, assisting in putting up the liquid and powder remedies, which the doctor prepared himself enroute as he needed it, and the pills which were purchased in wholesale quantity at the beginning of his traveling season.

The boys were also to act as helpers when the doctor was conducting his sales, and attend to any other matters required of them.

"I am willing to take service with you if you guarantee to pay me every week," said Joe. "As to my friend Hans, he will have to answer for himself."

"Off you took der shob I vill took id, too," replied the Dutch boy.

"I will draw up a paper and you both can sign it," said the doctor, pushing open a door behind the seat and entering the van. "Come in and look around."

The boys accepted the invitation.

It was a roomy vehicle, but well filled with many articles.

There were boxes filled with empty bottles of different sizes, some being very small, like those in which homeopathic medicine is furnished by physicians.

Other boxes were filled with empty pill boxes.

There was a small barrel half full of brown pills.

Also large bottles filled with different colored liquids standing in racks.

Two bunks on one side and one on the other with lockers under them.

Shelves with protected rims all around and hooks from which hung clothes.

Among other things was a three-burner oil stove standing out of the way in a corner under a small array of pots and pans, and other culinary utensils.

Near by was a closet filled with plates, cups and saucers, and some glassware, with a drawer under it containing knives, forks and spoons.

Near the back door, which opened in two sections, was a ten-gallon water keg, painted red, with gilt hoops, and the word "Water" inscribed on it.

On the doctor's bunk lay a banjo in a green baize bag; on one of the opposite bunks a guitar.

There was a small, portable table folded up standing against a small safe in which the doctor kept his money and valuables.

On top of the safe was a wooden tray with raised edges filled with a supply of various kinds of medicines ready to be offered to the public.

The doctor made out the paper for the boys to sign on a board attached to one of the walls with hinges, which when put in position made a desk top.

He read the document over to Joe and Hans, and they placed their names to it.

Then he asked them if they could sing.

"Yes, we can sing some," said Joe.

Dr. Salmagundi, as he called himself, picked up the guitar, gave Joe the pitch, and he sang a tenor song in first rate style.

The doctor complimented him on his performance, and then tried Hans.

The Dutch boy could sing comic songs like a house afire, and the proprietor of the outfit expressed his satisfaction.

"You chaps will help draw and hold a crowd first rate," he said. "I think we will get on very well together."

They returned to the seat outside, and the doctor having no further reason for proceeding to Chester, turned the team back into the branch road and retraced his way to the point on his route where he lost his former assistant.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

They entered Glendale, a small town on a railroad line, about four that afternoon.

They got their dinner by the roadside shortly after noon, the doctor doing the cooking, the boys washing the dishes afterward.

Stopping at a busy corner, Doctor Salmagundi unlocked the rear doors and pulled out a sliding platform from under the wagon, letting down a pair of stout legs attached to it by hinges which, resting on the ground, supported it.



Entering the wagon he donned a fancy red robe and a tall, conical hat.

While he was assuming his costume, Joe carried the portable table out on the platform and set it up.

On this he placed the tray of medicine that was to be offered for sale.

Taking his banjo, the doctor stepped out on the platform and began playing a lively ragtime air.

This, with his odd appearance, was enough to draw a crowd around the curb.

Handing the instrument to Joe he proceeded to harangue the people upon the merits of his infallible remedies.

Then he offered them for sale.

He caught many gudgeons who handed their dimes and quarters up to Joe, who, in turn, handed the purchaser a bottle of cough cure, a box of pills, a tiny bottle of Egyptian essence for toothache and other aches, or a box of Mandrake powders, warranted to cure all ordinary cases of indigestion, if taken according to the directions.

For half an hour the doctor did a roaring trade in his preparations, then the wagon moved to another corner and a fresh crowd was collected.

Doctor Salmagundi seemed to know the best spots to hold forth, for in no instance were his efforts met with a frost.

At half-past six they drove to a cheap hotel where the horses were fed and they themselves took supper in the dining-room.

At eight o'clock the wagon was drawn within a hundred yards of the opera-house on a street lined with retail stores that kept open till ten o'clock.

A gasoline torch was affixed to the outer ends of the platform, and after a preliminary solo on the banjo, Joe was called on for a song.

His efforts helped to increase the crowd.

The doctor then started in to advertise and sell his remedies.

Quite a number of people bought different remedies.

When business flagged, Hans drew a fresh crowd with his comic songs, and then the sale was renewed with productive results.

At half-past nine the public had thinned out to an extent that rendered further business unprofitable, so Dr. Salmagundi shut up shop, and the vehicle was headed out of town.

After an hour's drive the wagon was drawn up beside the road for the night.

The horses were covered and tied to the fence.

Dr. Salmagundi and the boys turned into their bunks.

The interior was well ventilated by a narrow opening on each side under the projecting roof of the vehicle, and by a small window in one of the doors at the back of the driver's seat.

About two in the morning a man and a boy in rough attire came tramping along the road.

These two were Bill and Jimmy, who had robbed the Lane farm-house.

They stopped when they saw the caravan wagon.

Then they approached and looked it over.

Jimmy mounted the seat and peered in through the window.

He could make nothing out inside owing to the darkness.

He saw there was a door behind the seat.

It had no handle and opened inward.

Jimmy tried it, but found it fast on the inside.

He got down and reported to Bill.

They went around to the rear and tried the double door there.

That was fast, too.

Returning to the front, Bill tried his jimmy on the door there.

The noise awoke Joe, who slept in the forward bunk.

The sounds convinced him that somebody was trying to break into the van.

He sprang out of his bed, stepped across and aroused Dr. Salmagundi.

He jumped up and seized his revolver.

Just then the door gave way and flew inward.

Bill's figure was outlined against the sky.

The light that came into the wagon revealed to Bill the figures of Joe and the doctor.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the proprietor, covering the rascal.

Instead of doing so, Bill made a move to escape.

Dr. Salmagundi immediately fired at him.

The ball struck the crook in the thigh, and he sank down on the footboard with a cry of pain, followed by an imprecation.

Jimmy, who was close behind him, jumped off the wagon and started to run.

"Stop!" shouted the doctor.

As Jimmy didn't stop, he sent a bullet after him.

The ball grazed the skin of the little rascal's ear.

He tumbled into the dirt, lay there a moment or two, then jumped up and went over the fence in a twinkling.

His figure could be seen cutting across the field in the moonlight.

Dr. Salmagundi sent a second bullet after him, but it went wide of its mark and the youth got clear off.

Bill was pulled into the car and a light flashed in his face.

Joe uttered an ejaculation of surprise, for he recognized him as the escaped burglar.

"I know this chap," he said. "He's wanted for a burglary that he and that young pal of his committed night before last at a farm-house near the village of Greenville on the Chester turnpike."

"Is that so?" said the doctor.

"I can prove it by Hans."

The Dutch boy, who had been awakened by the first shot, said Joe's statement was correct.

Bill by this time had recognized both boys and scowled at them.

The doctor examined his wound, in spite of the rascal's maledictions, and found that while it had torn one of the muscles and disabled the man, it was not serious.

Bill offered no objection to his binding it up, but he swore lustily when his hands and feet were bound, for he knew he was to be turned over to the police next morning at the first place the wagon reached.

The broken door was temporarily braced up, and all hands turned in again.

Bill kept them awake for awhile with his imprecations and threats, but they got asleep one by one.

Joe was the first up in the morning.

He opened the damaged door to let in the light.

Burglar Bill was asleep where he had been left.

Joe gave the horses their feed, and afterward brought a pail of water to them from a neighboring farm.

By that time Dr. Salmagundi and Hans were stirring.

The oil stove was placed on the ground and the doctor cooked a pot of coffee and some bacon and eggs for breakfast.

The crook was given a fair share, and he ate it in a sulky way.

When the plates were washed up the horses were hitched to the wagon and they continued on their way.

An hour later they came to a village and, seeking out the constable, asked him to take charge of their prisoner, and notify the constable of Greenville that one of the Lane burglars had been caught.

The village officer objected to taking charge of the rascal.

He said the county seat, ten miles further down the road, was the place for the doctor to take the man.

"He's got to go there anyhow, so you might as well take him yourself," said the constable, who was a real country jay with a star on his coat.

So the wagon went on without the doctor attempting to do any business with the villagers.

Morristown was the name of the county seat, and the wagon got there in due time.

They had a jail and a regular police force, and the doctor turned the prisoner over to the authorities, telling how the man had been captured.

Joe told what he knew about Bill, and his story was corroborated by Hans.

Burglar Bill was taken before the magistrate on the charge of attempting to rob the doctor's wagon.

After hearing what Dr. Salmagundi and the boys had to say on the subject, the judge held the rascal.

Then a policeman told the magistrate that the boys accused Bill of having robbed a farm-house near the village of Greenville.

The boys were recalled by the judge and asked about the matter.

Joe went over the story again, and Hans backed him up.

The magistrate ordered the police to communicate with the Greenville authorities and find out if the statements of the boys were true.

As the boys were non-residents of Morristown, they were handed over to the police to be detained as witnesses.

This was a disagreeable surprise, not only to the boys, but also to Dr. Salmagundi, whose business arrangements it interfered with.

He made a vigorous protest to the magistrate.

The judge said that if the doctor would put up a cash bail of \$500 for each of the lads, and guarantee that he would pro-



duce them in court when they were wanted, they would be released.

Dr. Salmagundi was not able to do this, so Joe and Hans were marched off to the station-house by the police, very much to their disgust.

## CHAPTER IX.

## JOE LOSES HANS.

The cells were in the basement of the station-house.

The boys were not locked up in one of them, but were taken to the top of the building where a room, provided with cots, was set aside for the accommodation of non-resident witnesses.

The room was in the rear, overlooking a small yard, and had two windows, both of which were barred.

The door was an ordinary one and secured by a stout lock.

Although the boys had newspapers and books with which to amuse themselves, and their meals would be sent in from a nearby restaurant, they were prisoners as much as though confined in a regular cell.

Having committed no crime, they rebelled against the restraint.

"By shinger! Vot kind of peesness you call dis, I vant to know?" said Hans. "Ve ain't done noddings to peen locked up for."

"It's an outrage," replied Joe, angrily.

"I ped you id is. Vot are ve going to done apoud id?"

"We can't do anything but grin and bear it."

"How long vill ve haf to stood id?"

"They may keep us here a month or more."

"Ach, himmel! A month! Vot vill der doctor done midout us all dot time?"

"He'll have to get somebody else to help him."

"Dot's sigs dollars a veek gone ub der spoud."

At that juncture the door was unlocked by an officer, and a restaurant waiter entered with a tray containing their dinner.

It was a very fair meal, and the boys found no fault with it.

They spent the afternoon playing checkers and dominoes.

While Hans was inspecting the yard and roof-tops from one of the windows, Joe opened the door of a closet and looked into it.

It contained two shelves filled with bundles, which had evidently been there some time.

Joe's sharp eyes made out what he believed was a trap-door in the ceiling.

With the aid of a chair he got on the top shelf and saw that a flat brass bolt held the trap tightly.

With a little effort he shot back the bolt and pushed up the trap.

That gave him a view of the roof.

He could readily step out on it, and suggested the possibility of escape.

As it was then going on six o'clock, and the waiter might come any time with their supper, Joe did not believe it prudent to continue further investigation in that direction.

He closed the trap, climbed down and shut the closet door.

He said nothing to Hans, who had been too much occupied at the window to take notice of what he was doing, but went to the other window.

His thoughts were on the trap-door route.

He hoped that he and his companion would be able to give the police the slip that way.

He felt that the authorities had no right to deprive him and Hans of their liberty because they were witnesses against Burglar Bill.

"I think we have the right to get away from this building if we can," he thought. "If we can do that we'll shake the town in double-quick time and put it up to the police to guess where we've gone."

Supper was brought in at half-past six, and the boys sat down and polished it off.

While they were eating it Joe told Hans about the trap in the ceiling of the closet.

"Vot good vill dot trap done us?" said Hans.

"We can reach the roof through it."

"Und when ve done dot vot shance haf ve off gedding away?"

"That remains to be seen. I hope we will be able to pass from roof to roof along the block till we find another trap through which we can make our way to the street."

"Dot would be fine. Und den ve got oud off town qvick."

"Bet your life."

"But where vill ve found der doctor und his vagons?"

"Never mind him. It wouldn't be safe for us to rejoin him. The police would probably look him up the first thing, expecting to find us with him."

"Where would ve gone den?"

"Circumstances will have to decide."

"When do ve make der start?"

"Not for some little time yet. It isn't dark. An officer will come in to light up, and we must be here when he comes."

It gradually grew dark, and the boys sat by the window and looked out on the rear prospect until the outlines of the buildings were merged in one long, black shadow, relieved here and there by a lighted window and by the sky line above.

Finally there was a noise at the door.

It was opened and an officer looked in.

"Where are you chaps?" he asked.

"Over here by the window," replied Joe.

"I see you now. Why don't you light up? There are matches in a box on the mantel-shelf. Or do you prefer to sit in the dark? Most people don't."

"Light up yourself if you want to," replied Joe.

The officer accepted the invitation, but with characteristic caution he took care to secure the door first to prevent the prisoners from giving him the slip, or at least attempting to do so.

The boys, however, did not move from their chairs while the policeman was in the room.

"When you turn in put out the light," said the cop. "I'll be around about eleven to see that you've done it."

"All right," said Joe.

Then the officer left and locked the door after him.

"He'll be back about eleven, he said," Joe remarked to Hans.

"Vell, vot do ve care apoud dot? Ve vill be gone den."

"Provided we are able to find a way of escaping from the roof of one of the buildings in the block."

"By shinger, ve must found a vays. Ven ve vill start?"

"In a little while."

They waited twenty minutes, then Joe pushed a chair into the closet and got on the top shelf.

"You had better wait till I investigate first," he said.

"Vell, don'd been all night apoud id."

"I won't lose any time."

Joe pushed open the trap and pulled himself onto the roof.

The bright, star-lit sky enabled him to see his way about pretty well.

The moon wouldn't be up till toward morning.

There was a drop of three feet to the next roof.

Joe slipped down and looked around for a trap-door.

He found one, but it was secured on the inside.

He went on to the next roof and encountered the same result.

He had no luck till he struck the corner building.

There he found a partly open skylight, left open to admit air, and under it was an iron ladder.

That was enough.

Joe hurried back to the police headquarters building and looked down through the trap.

Hans was there waiting for him.

"Come on, Hans. Climb up," he called down.

Hans got on the chair and made an effort to reach the top shelf.

He was a stout boy, and by no means as agile as his companion.

To reach the top shelf he put his foot on the under one first, then he saw he would have to be helped.

"Lend me a hand, Sho," he said. "I can't done it alone."

At that juncture the door of the room opened and two officers came in.

Hans heard the sounds and made a desperate effort to get up higher.

In his excitement he lost his grip and fell, striking the chair and carrying it to the floor in a wreck.

The officers rushed toward the closet.

Joe saw them coming, and knowing that the game was up as far as his companion was concerned, he shut down the trap and ran across the roofs for the corner building.

He reached the open skylight, slid down to the ladder, and then closed and fastened the skylight just as one of the officers poked his head through the trap to scan the roofs for him.

Down the ladder he went, and stopped for a moment in the dark to strike a match to see his way about.

The top floor was silent and apparently untenanted.

He saw the stairway and, running to it, went down to the next floor.

He stopped and listened, but heard not a sound.



He proceeded to descend to the second floor. Here he saw a light coming from the front office. One of the tenants was still at work. He rushed down the last flight and found the front door closed and fast. He had not calculated on this, and his heart sank at the thought of recapture by the police. He struck a match, and then to his great satisfaction he saw the key was in the lock. The tenant working upstairs was probably the only one in the building at that hour, and he had left it there for convenience sake. Joe turned the key, opened the door and looked out. The street was bright with light, and many persons were passing in either direction. Down the street he saw the green lamp above the entrance to the station-house. Satisfied that no policeman was in sight at that moment, he stepped out and closed the door. Then he hurried off in the direction that led away from the headquarters of the police.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE PERIL OF THE EXPRESS.

Morristown was a strange place to Joe, for he had seen but little of it that morning when the van was driven through the street by the nearest route to the station-house to deliver Burglar Bill into the hands of the police.

At that time the boy little thought what effect the handing over of the rascal would have on his fortunes.

Neither did the Doctor foresee the action the authorities would take in the matter.

Therefore Joe was now like one lost in a strange place.

He had not the remotest idea where his steps were leading him.

For the present, however, all he cared for was to get as far away from the block where the station-house was as he could.

Morristown was a small city of 25,000 inhabitants, with several factories that during the day were busy hives of industry.

Its business section was not very great, so it did not take the boy long to get out of it.

He soon found himself in the vicinity of the railroad yard.

Here he ran against an employee, who told him that Chester was twenty-six miles to the westward, or in the direction whence he had come.

The nearest important place toward the east was Bridgewater on the river.

It was fifteen miles by rail, and perhaps twenty by water.

Joe also learned that the river was six miles from Morristown by air line.

The boy decided to walk the ties to Bridgewater.

He could easily make the distance by water, and though it was not as big a place as Chester, he hoped to get work there.

He had given up all thought of Hans rejoining him.

The police were sure to hold on to him, though as a witness against Burglar Bill's foray on the farm-house he amounted to little.

Joe figured that when the Dutch boy was released he would make his way to Peoria and join his sister.

A mile out of town Joe was passed by the last east-bound local for the night.

The next train to pass that way was the Atlantic and Pacific Express.

It passed Morristown about midnight and made the run to Bridgewater in eighteen minutes.

Joe walked briskly for the first few miles, then he slowed down.

He stumped the ties of the track over which the west-bound trains ran, and thus faced trains coming that way.

He was five miles out of Morristown when he heard the whistle of a train ahead.

This warned him to get out of the way, so he stepped over on to the other track.

In a few minutes he heard a rumble in the near distance.

Around the curve flashed the headlight of the night express bound for Chester and other important points west.

It went by like a streak, and Joe returned to that track.

It was then eleven o'clock, and after the express went by the boy struck a lonesome stretch of the road.

Not a light was in sight anywhere.

The only sounds that broke the stillness of the night air

were the noises made by the frogs and other nocturnal creatures.

Joe's feet began to lag.

The utter lonesomeness of his situation had a depressing effect upon him.

The star-lit sky never had seemed so vast and fathomless to him before.

The rolling land stretching away on either side of the railroad tracks looked shadowy and unreal.

His fancy began to people the hedges with ghostly shapes hiding with the intention of coming on him unawares from behind after he had passed.

Instinctively he kept looking over his shoulder every few minutes lest this queer fancy should prove true.

How he wished Hans was with him now.

"This won't do," he cried at last, angry with himself. "I'm getting to be an old woman. What have I to fear from the solitude of the night? There isn't a soul in sight anywhere."

As the tracks curved to the south, the ground rose on either side of the long cut which had been bored through the hill side.

The roadbed, shut in by masses of rock, was lost in a deep gloom.

If the open country had seemed lonesome, this stretch of the line was a hundred per cent. more so.

The insect noises had dwindled down to a light hum in the distance.

Suddenly he came upon the little box house of the track walker whose duty it was to go through the cut just before the next train was due to pass that way.

A light was burning inside.

Joe stopped and looked in.

The hands of the clock pointed at a quarter of twelve.

In one corner stood the red flag carried by the day walker, the night man being provided with a red lantern.

Against one of the walls was affixed a telephone.

It communicated with the train despatcher's office in the Morristown yards.

The walker's midnight lunch stood on a shelf awaiting his return.

There was no sign of the man himself.

Joe was sorry the track walker was not around, for he wanted to exchange a few words with somebody.

Even a dog would have been some company to him that night.

He stepped back on the track and continued his way.

"I ought to be half way to Bridgewater by this time," he thought. "I've been walking a good two hours and a—What's that?"

Something like a human scream had come down through the long cut ahead.

Joe stopped and listened.

He could feel his heart thumping in his breast as he peered into the gloom of the cut and wondered what had given rise to that cry.

"Could it have been the track walker who uttered that yell?" he asked himself. "Maybe something has happened to him. He might have been attacked by a tramp or two. Is it safe for me to go ahead?"

Joe braced up and went forward, keeping between the two tracks.

Presently he saw a red light gleaming close to one of the tracks.

He thought it was a strange position for the light to be in.

He kept on gradually nearing the light.

He now made it out to be a red lantern lying sidewise on the roadbed.

That certainly was not right, he thought.

It must be the track walker's lantern, but where was the man himself?

Joe now felt sure that he had uttered the shrill scream, therefore something must have happened to him.

A dark object of some size lay in the center of the east-bound track.

It proved to be a huge boulder which had fallen from one side of the cut and lodged on the roadbed.

From under the end of the boulder protruded the head and shoulders of a man.

Joe was staggered by the sight revealed by the red light of the lantern.

He did not have to be told who the man was.

It was undoubtedly the track walker.

The poor fellow had been caught in the dark by the rushing mass, thrown down and pinned under it.

It was his dying scream Joe had heard.



The boy picked up the lantern and, taking a closer view of the man, saw that he was dead.

As he stood looking down at the crushed victim of the accident, the thought occurred to him that the Atlantic and Pacific Express was due on its way to Bridgewater.

Unless signaled it would enter the cut at a fifty-mile-an-hour clip, and as the huge boulder lay right in its path, the train was certain to be wrecked.

The track walker being dead, there was no one to stop the express but himself.

He knew nothing about signaling engineers, but he believed that a red light swung across the track, from right to left, would cause the driver to stop the train.

Well, the job was up to him.

If the express was to be saved he had no time to lose.

He ran toward the entrance of the cut as fast as he could go, expecting at every moment to hear the whistle of the locomotive as the train passed the crossing a quarter of a mile beyond the cut.

As he was passing the hut it occurred to him that there might be time for him to hold up the express at Morristown by telephone.

Dashing into the cut he took down the receiver and put it to his ear.

"Well?" came a voice.

"Is this Morristown?" said Joe.

"Hello, who is this? You are not Tom Burke. What do you want?"

"I want you to hold up the express that passes Morristown about this time."

"Hold up No. 322? Are you crazy? Who are you, anyway? What right have you to telephone this office?"

"There's been an accident in the cut. A big boulder has fallen down on the track." Joe heard the train despatcher utter an ejaculation. "It has crushed the track walker, and he's lying dead under it."

"Great Scott, man, are you telling the truth?" cried the despatcher in an excited voice.

"Yes. The express must be stopped or there will be a wreck in the cut."

"Good heavens! You'll have to stop it yourself with the danger signal."

"Why can't you stop the train at Morristown?"

"Because No. 322 went through five minutes ago. She ought to be at the crossing now. Have you got Burke's lantern?"

"Yes."

"Then get out to the entrance of the cut and swing it across the track as soon as the headlight of the locomotive comes in sight. The engineer will reverse and whistle down brakes the moment he sees the signal. Do you understand?"

Joe dropped the receiver and dashed out of the hut, for at that moment he heard the whistle of the express at the crossing.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOE RECEIVES A SUITABLE REWARD.

Joe barely had time to reach the entrance to the cut when the headlight of the locomotive came rushing around the curve an eighth of a mile away.

He began to swing the red lantern across the track.

The glare of the white light crept toward him and brought his form out into relief.

Then came the "down brakes" screech from the whistle.

The engineer had seen the swinging danger signal and reversed the wheels.

The heavy train came gliding forward while the wheels tried to get a grip on the rails.

The conductor with his lantern on his arm appeared on one of the platforms, wondering what was up.

Joe kept on swinging the lantern, after stepping off the track.

The train slipped past him, the brakes grinding away and the big driving wheels working backward, so difficult was it to bring the train to a stop.

The express stopped after getting 100 feet in the cut, and Joe ran forward to explain what had happened further on.

The conductor awaited his approach.

In a few words Joe explained the situation, and led the conductor ahead to the spot where the boulder lay over the corpse of the dead track walker.

"Young man, it is fortunate for all hands on the train, as well as for the company, that you happened this way to-night.

You have saved many lives, I do not doubt, and averted injury to a great many more. Your services are entitled to recognition, and the company will not overlook the obligation it is under to you. Let me have your name and address, so I can put it in my report," said the conductor.

"My name is Joe Allen, but I have no address."

"Haven't you a home or lodgings?"

"No, sir. I'm down and out, as the saying is. My entire capital amounts to only \$3. I was walking the ties, on my way to Bridgewater to look for work, when I discovered this state of affairs."

"Well, it will be to your interest to keep in touch with the company, for you will surely be rewarded for this night's work. I will take you on to Bridgewater as soon as the obstruction is removed from the track. Come with me."

The conductor and Joe walked back to the track walker's hut, and the former got into communication at once with the train despatcher at Morristown.

He said the express had been saved by a narrow margin, and could not proceed until the boulder had been taken from the track, and the rails examined and repaired.

He asked that a repair crew on a derrick car be sent from Bridgewater at once.

The despatcher said the matter would be attended to at once.

While waiting for the car and workmen to arrive, the conductor took up a collection among the train's crew for Joe's benefit, heading the list with \$10 himself.

Forty dollars was collected and turned over to the boy, who thanked the conductor and said it would be a welcome lift for him.

The stoppage of the train awoke several of the passengers, who got out of their berths to learn what the cause of the delay was.

When they found out, they were so glad over their escape that \$60 more was contributed to the fund Joe had already received, and he now found himself in possession of what to him was the stupendous sum of \$100.

The wrecking car and crew arrived in due time, and after an hour's labor the boulder was lifted on the car and the crushed body of the track walker lifted and placed in the baggage car.

By that time the conductor had communicated all the facts, subsequently submitted in a written report, to the division superintendent.

The official advised that the boy be kept track of, as the company, through its proper officer, would wish to communicate with him, for his personal statement would be required at the investigation of the affair.

The train then went on, two hours late.

On reaching Bridgewater Joe was turned over to the station master, who offered him temporary lodgings, which the boy accepted.

All the facts were printed in the morning papers of Morristown.

As a matter of course, the police officials read the story, and recognized in the boy who saved the express the witness who had escaped from their detention room.

This was a contingency Joe had overlooked, and his consternation was great when a detective arrived during the morning and inquired for him.

He protested against arrest, and the station master stood by him, but the detective insisted on taking him back to Morristown, and he had to go.

Thus as the whistles were sounding the noon hour, Joe was marched into the room from which he escaped, and after a sharp interview with the chief, he was told that but for the service he had rendered the railroad he would have ordered him to a cell as punishment for his act.

Thus he and Hans came together again.

"So you vos caught after all, Sho?" said Hans. "Vot a pities! Where did dey found you?"

Joe told the story of his night's adventure, and showed Hans the \$100 he had received from the train crew and those passengers who had contributed.

"Vell, you haf made somedings at any rate by running away," said Hans.

"I'm going to write to the president of the railroad company and ask him to get us both out of this place. If he is grateful for what I did last night, he'll do something," said Joe.

"I hope you done dat right away, for I'm sick of dis place."

Joe lost no time in writing the letter, and the officer who came with the waiter bringing their dinner promised to mail it for him if the chief offered no objection.

The letter was despatched to Chester, where the company's



executive offices were, and duly reached the president of the road.

That official at once communicated with the road's lawyer, and directed him to secure the release of the boys on the company's guarantee to produce them when wanted.

The lawyer went before the magistrate, who had committed Joe and Hans as non-resident witnesses, and on his representation the boys were released the following day.

The lawyer took them with him to Chester and secured lodgings for them at the company's expense.

They gave their word not to leave the city until told they were at liberty to do so.

"You'd better write to your sister now, Hans, tell her where you are, and that you will start for Peoria as soon as the police have no further use for you," said Joe, as soon as they were left to themselves.

"Yaw, I vill done dat right away," and he did.

On the following forenoon Joe was summoned to the office of the president of the railroad.

To that gentleman, who received him graciously, and whom he thanked for securing his release and that of his friend Hans from the police, he told the story of how he saved the express from certain wreck.

The president complimented him on his presence of mind, and assured him that the company would not forget him.

In the meantime the Morristown authorities had received word from the Greenville constable confirming Joe's story of the burglary committed at Farmer Lane's house, and requesting that the charge be entered against the rascal.

The constable stated that all the stolen property, except \$125 in money, had been recovered through the boy.

When searched, the sum of \$120 was found on Bill, and the Morristown police believed this represented the bulk of the farmer's money.

As the burglary of the Lane house was the more serious of the two crimes charged to the rascal, it was substituted for Dr. Salmagundi's charge.

The traveling doctor had picked up an assistant in Morristown and continued on his regular route.

When the Morristown authorities insisted on holding Joe and Hans, the doctor gave up hope of taking them along with him.

He was working a town east of Bridgewater when he read the story in the paper of Joe's achievement in saving the express.

He was surprised to learn that the boy was out of police control, and supposed that the Dutch boy was free, too.

He was figuring on trying to recover them in place of his new assistant, when the afternoon's paper told how Joe had escaped from the Morristown police, but had been recaptured at Bridgewater and taken back.

That settled the matter in the doctor's mind, and he went on his way.

He heard nothing about the release of the boys through the agency of the railroad company, and supposed the Morristown authorities would continue to hold them until the case of Burglar Bill had been disposed of.

Joe and Hans spent two days in idleness enjoying themselves by getting acquainted with the city of Chester, which they found to be a lively and progressive place.

It was not only the junction of two railroad lines, where passengers going east and west, and not booked on Pullman cars, changed from one road to the other in a big Union depot building, but it was an important river port.

Joe decided if he couldn't work there it would be singular.

There were three morning dailies, and two of them carried columns of Help Wanted advertisements, which indicated that business was good in town at that time.

Hans was expecting a reply with funds from his sister, but he had not fully decided whether he would stay in Chester to be near Joe, whom he had taken a great fancy to, or go on to Peoria as soon as Burglar Bill had been tried.

Joe thought he had better go, and told him so.

On the morning of the third day of their stay in Chester Joe was summoned to the office of the president of the railroad.

He was told by that gentleman that the board of directors had passed a resolution commending his conduct on the night when he saved the express, which resolution carried with it a gift of \$1,000 in recognition of his services.

The president handed him a check for that amount and an official letter of thanks bearing his signature, which he advised the boy to keep, for it was likely to prove of service to him some time when he needed a special recommendation.

He then asked Joe what he was thinking of doing for a living.

"I'm going to take a job in town here as soon as I can find one," replied the boy.

"I can help you to that if you wish to go to work for the railroad company. There are three branches to this service—office, mechanical and road. I can place you in either," said the president, who then gave Joe an idea of the requirements of each. "Our general superintendent started in as a section hand, rose to be section boss in a short time, and from that worked his way up to his present important position. Half the persons in our employ have risen to important positions through their own exertions. I might say, too, that I started in at the bottom of the ladder on an Eastern line, forged my way to the front, and was finally offered the presidency of this road, a position which carries great responsibilities with it."

Joe said he would be glad to take anything he was offered.

"The station master here needs an extra clerk. I will start you in with him."

The president pushed a button, and his stenographer came in.

A note was dictated, typed and handed unsealed to Joe.

The office boy was called and directed to take Joe to the office of the station master.

"For the present," said the president, as the boy rose to go, "you will remain with your friend at the boarding-house where the company is paying your way, as we are responsible for your appearance in Morristown when you are notified by the public prosecutor to appear as witnesses at the trial of the burglar. After the case has been disposed of you will be at liberty to change your abode if you care to do so."

Joe bowed and followed the boy to the big station which adjoined the building where the executive offices were.

Joe had to wait awhile until the station master was at liberty to see him.

Then he presented the president's note, was asked a number of questions relative to his education and general ability, and was told he would be taken on trial.

He was introduced to the chief of the freight clerks, who turned him over to a sub clerk, who told him to report on the following morning at eight o'clock.

Then Joe returned to his lodgings to tell Hans that he had connected with a job which looked to be steady.

## CHAPTER XII.

### KNOCKED OUT.

"So you got a shob, Sho?" said Hans. "Shake mit me. I caught a shob, too."

"You have? At what?" asked Joe.

"At der corner grocery. Der poy dere vill took his leaf Saturday nights, und I vill start in Monday mornings. Der land-ladys got der places for me."

"Then you intend to remain in Chester?"

"For a liddle whiles, yes. I got to stay anyvays till der Morristown polises are done mit me. After dot I dink der matter ofer."

Joe went to work at the station next morning on clerical work connected with the freight business.

Although he took hold in good shape, he soon found all was not plain sailing.

The man he was working under was not disposed to view him with a friendly eye.

The fact was he had a relative he had expected to put at the desk, and had made application to his chief with that view.

The head of the freight room had promised to consider his request, and doubtless would have taken on his relative but for the fact that Joe was sent to him by the station master with orders to put him to work.

It was all the same to the chief whether Joe or the other young man got the billet, and thus Joe incurred the resentment of the sub-boss, whose authority on the whole amounted to little.

However, having charge of the new clerk, he was in a position to make things disagreeable for him in many ways, and this he proceeded to do.

Joe, being a hard boy to beat, was not upset by the animosity of the little boss who directed his work.

He attended to his work right up to the handle, and his enemy was at a loss for cause to report him as inefficient.

Thus two weeks passed away, and then Joe received word from the president to go to Morristown on the following day with Hans and present themselves in the criminal court.

The official notification from the public prosecutor's office



was enclosed, together with a pass for two over the road to Morristown and return.

The boy showed the president's note and the other paper to the head of the freight room, and received permission to go.

He did not consider it necessary to say anything to anybody else, so when he failed to show up at his desk next morning, the sub-boss, whose name was Franklin, reported his absence to the chief.

Then he learned that Joe was absent by authority.

He was mad, however, because the new clerk had not told him, too, and determined to get square somehow.

Joe and Hans duly appeared in the Morristown court.

The trial of Burglar Bill was short and to the point.

The first witness was Farmer Lane, who stated that his house was the one that was robbed.

He stated what the two rascals had carried away, and how all but the money was recovered next day.

He swore to the amount stolen, and described some of the bills, one of which, he said, bore the initials of the man from whom he got the money.

The bills found on the burglar were shown to him, and he identified the note in question, and partially identified three others.

Then Joe was called on and told what he knew about the robbery.

Considerable of his testimony was objected to by the lawyer who defended the accused, and some of his objections were sustained by the judge, not because of any doubt of the witness' truth, but because the law ruled the matter out.

Hans corroborated that part of Joe's testimony which related to their abduction on the river, and the finding of the stolen property on the island.

In the end Bill was convicted and sentenced to a term in the State prison.

The boys returned to Chester that afternoon too late for Joe to return to his duties in the freight room.

In the morning when he got there Franklin hauled him over the coals for not telling him that he was going to be away a day on business not connected with the road.

"I didn't think it was necessary to tell you," replied Joe.

"Hereafter you will consider it necessary," replied the little boss.

He was very disagreeable all that day to Joe, and the boy finally lost all patience with him, and they had a sharp verbal scrap.

Franklin reported him to the chief, and he was called to that gentleman's desk.

Joe offered his explanation, which was accepted, and Franklin got a calling down himself.

That embittered him more than ever against the boy.

Next day Joe had a bunch of waybills to look after.

He left them in his desk when he went to lunch.

On his return they were missing.

Nobody knew anything about them, so Joe had to report their disappearance to the head of the room.

As the bills were important, an investigation was instituted, and an outside clerk was found who admitted he had seen Franklin take a bunch of waybills from Joe's desk.

He had thought nothing of the matter at the time, for it looked regular enough.

Franklin was called up and sharply questioned.

He denied knowing anything about the bills, or that he had taken them.

He was confronted by the witness, whom he denounced as a liar.

One of the room clerks, acting under orders, searched Franklin's clothes and found the missing papers.

That settled the matter.

Franklin was told to send in his resignation, to take effect immediately.

That ended his connection with the railroad.

Franklin, however, was not through with Joe.

Three nights afterward, while on his way home from a moving picture show, Joe was attacked by three toughs.

The boy, though taken unawares, was not knocked out, and put up a desperate fight.

He proved a better scrapper than the toughs as soon as he got going and two of them were so badly mauled that the bunch hauled off and let him go.

Once more Joe demonstrated that he was a hard boy to beat.

But for a week he carried signs of the battle on his face and hands.

He did not dream, though, that Franklin was the instigator of the attack.

Hans Schmidt still lingered in Chester, although he had re-

ceived three letters from his sister, the last two inquiring with some anxiety why he did not come on to Peoria after having received the funds with which to pay his way.

The fact was Hans was contented to remain where he was, having the idea that he could go to his sister any time he chose.

He was getting \$3 a week from the grocer on the corner, and his meals, and he did not believe that his brother-in-law in Peoria would treat him so liberally.

Furthermore, he had Joe to go out with on Sundays, and he was sure that he would not find a second Joe in Peoria.

After the departure of Franklin from the freight room, Joe had a pleasant time, and things went very well with him.

The president of the road did not forget him.

He inquired of the station master how the boy was getting on, and was told that he was doing all right.

One day Joe was sent on an errand to the freight office of the navigation company, which had a line of steamers on the river.

This office was at the head of the wharf where the boats tied up.

The steamboat company brought a good deal of freight to Chester, which was then transshipped via one or the other of the two railroad lines.

Joe's errand was in connection with some goods that had arrived by rail and which the steamer was to carry to its destination.

He delivered his letter and was told to sit down and wait for a reply.

While he was waiting, Franklin entered the room with a pen behind his ear and saw him.

At the same time he saw Franklin.

The man had secured a job with the steamboat company.

Joe had the same effect on Franklin that a red flag has on a bull.

"What are you doing here?" he said to the boy.

"I came on an errand, and I'm waiting for an answer."

Franklin glared at him, muttered something, and passed on.

The meeting was not a pleasant one to the boy, who wondered how the man had connected with the steamboat company.

However, it was none of his business, and he picked up a newspaper to remove his thoughts from a disagreeable subject.

Five minutes passed, then a boy came up to Joe and asked him if his name was Allen.

"Yes," replied Joe.

"You're wanted in the freight yard."

"What part of the shed, and who is it wants me?"

"At the end of the wharf. One of the clerks wants you."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know his name. He hasn't been here long."

The lad's reply caused Joe to suspect that the person who wanted to see him was Franklin.

As he didn't want anything to do with that man, he was about to refuse to go to the freight shed, when he saw Franklin coming back with some papers in his hands.

"Is that the clerk who wanted to see me in the shed?" asked the youth.

"No. That man works in the office. It's one of the shed clerks who wants you."

"Do you know what he wants to see me about?"

"Some freight that is to go to the railroad."

At that juncture an office clerk handed him the reply he was to take back to his chief.

Leaving the room, he walked down to the end of the wharf under the big shed which roofed over the entire dock.

Laborers were wheeling cases and bags aboard a steamer that was to leave that afternoon.

A couple of trucks and a light wagon were being unloaded near by.

All this was taking place near the head of the wharf, not far from the office building.

The boy who brought the message went along with Joe to point out the clerk who wanted to see him.

He took Joe down to the end of the wharf, past piles of freight waiting to be carted away.

"There he is," said the youth, pointing at a tough-looking fellow who was standing beside a lot of cases.

Joe walked over to him while the lad started back and was soon out of sight.

"Did you want to see me?" asked Joe.

"Yes. Come this way," said the tough young man.

Joe followed him behind a pile of freight.

Two other hard looking chaps were lounging there.

Moved close by was a small, dirty looking sloop.



"Do you see those cases?" said Joe's conductor.

"Yes."

"Look at the markings."

Joe bent down to examine the stenciled words on the side of one of the cases.

Then he received a blow on the head that stretched him senseless on the dock.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A BREAK FOR FREEDOM.

An hour later Joe recovered consciousness.

He was in a dark, ill-smelling place.

It was some minutes before his wits got in full working order, and then he became conscious that the place he was in was moving.

At the same time he discovered that he was bound hand and foot, and was lying at full length on a collection of gunny sacks.

He sat up and looked around.

He made out the dim outline of a round pole in the center of the place.

Also what appeared to be a wall or partition close by.

Through a small break in this came a gleam of light.

In the same direction he heard the sound of muffled voices coming from the other side.

Wondering how he came to be in his present predicament, and what it all meant, he worked himself over to the crack and applied his eye to it.

He gazed into a small, dingy room that was evidently the cabin of a vessel.

He knew that from its general shape, the two bunks, one on each side, with lockers under them, and other objects.

That showed him he was a prisoner in the hold of the craft.

The voices he had heard belonged to three tough fellows seated at a table playing cards by the light of a lamp, for the door aft was closed tight.

One of them he recognized as the alleged clerk who had sent for him.

The other two he knew were the fellows he had seen lounging behind the freight.

It was one or both of them that had knocked him out.

There could be no doubt of that fact under the circumstances.

The vessel he was in was doubtless the dirty black sloop he had noticed moored alongside the wharf.

The craft, being in motion, had left the steamboat wharf and was sailing either up or down the river.

That showed there must be another person on board outside in the cockpit attending to the steering.

Joe was truly astonished at his position.

He could not understand why he had been made prisoner and shoved into the hold.

The three toughs were complete strangers to him.

He could see no reason why they had acted toward him in the way they had.

He listened to the conversation.

It had no reference to himself, but it threw some light on their character.

Joe soon learned that they were river thieves, and that they worked both night and day along the water front of Chester.

That they had a friend and confederate in the employ of the steamboat company who had put them on to a good thing that morning—a consignment of silks, velvets and other first-class dress goods that had come over from the railroad station late the afternoon before and was to be carried up the river to a large town.

Through the connivance of this friend, whose name they did not mention, they had filched the goods from the dock in broad daylight, and the cases were now in the forward part of the hold.

They intended to take them down the river to a city 100 miles distant, where they were to be sold through an auction house after having been taken out of the cases.

The value of the goods their friend had told them was several thousand dollars, wholesale, and they expected to get enough to let each of the bunch, including their steamboat confederate, \$500.

Heretofore their stealings had been comparatively small, but this job was, in their estimation, going to put them all on Easy street.

After awhile their talk switched around to their prisoner, and Joe pricked up his ears.

He learned that he was to be taken down the river to the town where the goods were to be sold, and turned over to an Italian boarding-house keeper and fence.

What was to be done with him there was not mentioned.

Joe learned during this part of the talk that he owed his present predicament to Franklin, and it then struck him that Franklin was the confederate of the toughs, and had helped them get away with the consignment of dress goods from the wharf.

At the same time the suspicion struck him that the roughs who had attacked him a short time before on the street, at night, were these same rascals, and that Franklin was behind that outrage, too.

Clearly the man was trying to get back at him because he lost his position with the railroad on account of the waybills affair.

"He is a regular scamp, and the railroad is well rid of him," thought Joe. "The steamboat company is likely to suffer through him unless I can make my escape and expose his rascality."

The toughs quit playing cards with the remark from one of them who appeared to be the leader that it was time to eat.

They all left the cabin, leaving the door into the cockpit half open, and thus giving Joe a glimpse of the chap who was at the tiller.

The prisoner heard steps on the deck overhead, and then sounds in a compartment forward of the hold.

These sounds indicated that one of the party had gone in there to cook something for dinner, which showed that the place was fitted up as a galley or kitchen.

Joe worked himself back to the gunny sacks to consider the situation with respect to his present and immediate future.

He tested the bonds that held his arms, and saw that the rascals had made a good job of it, and that there was small chance of freeing himself.

That was discouraging, to begin with, since he could do nothing in his present shape, but he did not despair of ultimately making his escape, for he was a hard boy to beat.

In the course of twenty minutes Joe heard sounds in the cabin again.

He distinguished the rattle of dishes and muffled conversation.

The rascals, with the exception of the steersman, were at dinner.

Afterward the fellow at the helm was relieved to get his meal.

After awhile the hatch cover was shoved back, letting in a flood of light.

Down jumped one of the toughs, and a tray was handed to him.

"Now, young fellow, have you come to your senses?" he said, walking over to the gunny sacks.

"Yes," answered Joe. "Perhaps you'll explain what this all means?"

Joe knew what it all meant, but he felt that his captors would expect him to demand a reason for what had happened to him.

"Never mind that now. You'll learn by and by. Here's your dinner. Sit up and I'll release your arms so you can help yourself. Don't try to get gay or I'll give you a clip with this thing. It put you to sleep once, and will do that again unless you keep quiet."

"But I'd like to know why I have been made a prisoner."

"You'll have to wait. You'll be made wise in time. Stow your gab now and fill up. No saying when you'll get another chance to eat."

He released the boy's arms and then stood over him with the slung-shot.

The food consisted of fried bacon and two eggs, with bread and coffee.

It didn't look bad, and Joe concluded to eat it.

It would do him no good to refuse, and with food in his stomach he would be in better shape for emergency than without it.

So he made the best of the situation and ate what had been brought to him.

As soon as he had finished the fellow rebound his arms, shoved the tray on deck, hoisted himself out of the hold, and shoved the hatch cover on again, leaving about an inch of space for the air to enter, and with it a fraction of light.

During the afternoon the toughs were in and out of the cabin.

They talked, smoked and drank bottled beer.

Joe tried his bonds again, and found that he was not tied as tightly as before.



The tough had done his work in a hurry, and after some effort Joe freed his arms.

To get out his pocket-knife and cut the line about his legs was the work of a few moments.

He was free at last, and he determined to put up a desperate fight to escape from the boat.

There were four against him, and he was cooped up at that.

The prospect did not look very brilliant.

But he had nerve and resolution, which made him a hard boy to beat.

The boat was sailing along at an easy rate, which showed that the wind was light.

It was as easy to move about in the hold as if one was on solid ground.

Joe decided to take a look at the stolen cases of goods and make a note of the firm they were directed to.

He struck a match and examined the case nearest to him.

It was marked Jones & Co., Dexter.

Dexter was a small town on the Sassafras River, a branch of the Snake River on which Chester was situated.

It had no railroad connection, and depended on the steamboat line for the delivery of freight.

A daily stage ran to the nearest railroad station.

There were eight cases in all directed to three firms.

Joe noted the names in his memorandum book.

While examining the last case, which stood against the forward bulkhead of the hold, he noticed that there was a door in the partition.

He tried it and found it was not locked.

He could not open it more than an inch owing to the case.

Through that inch he saw the space beyond was the kitchen, as he supposed it was.

The scuttle cover was off and admitted light and air to the place.

To move the case out of the way of the door was something of a job, for it was heavy, but Joe determined to do it, for he saw that the kitchen route offered an easy avenue of escape from the hold.

It took him almost an hour to work the case far enough out of the way to enable him to squeeze through the door.

The four toughs were talking in the cockpit, and Joe took a cautious look at them from the scuttle opening.

Then he looked at the river and its banks.

They were slipping past a farming district.

He saw houses here and there on either hand, and a village in the distance.

Right ahead was a small island.

The sloop holding her present course, would pass close to it.

If he could slide overboard and swim to the island without attracting the attention of the toughs, he could make his escape.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, the chances were against success.

If the rascals saw him, as they were likely to, they would follow him, and the island was not large enough to offer him a good opportunity of eluding the four.

On the other hand, if he reached the island without the knowledge of his captors, he would be marooned on it unless he could swim to either shore, and the river was wide at this point.

It was something of a problem he was up against.

While he was figuring it out he heard footsteps on the deck.

Joe slipped back into the hold and closed the door.

The tough jumped down into the galley and started to look for something.

His back was to the boy.

Here was a chance to do up one of the rascals.

But he had to do the trick pretty slick if he was to succeed.

Joe decided to run all the risk of it, for his situation was a desperate one.

Opening the door he pushed himself through.

The fellow heard him, and turned around.

His surprise was great on seeing the prisoner free.

Joe recognized him as the chap who had fetched his dinner.

Before he could say a word, Joe was on him.

The tough pulled out his slung-shot, but could not use it.

Joe knocked him over the stove with a blow, snatched the weapon as it was falling, and gave him a crack with it.

That put him temporarily out of business.

Joe dragged him into the hold and tied his arms with a part of the line he had been bound with.

Then he completed the job by gagging him with a towel he got from the kitchen.

"That settles one," said Joe, who then returned to the galley.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CONCLUSION.

With the slung-shot in his possession, Joe felt able to cope with two of the others, and the prospect looked brighter.

He had an idea that when the fellow he had put out did not return to his friends that one of them would come forward to see what was detaining him.

It was a strategy of war to try and catch the enemy in sections if that can be done.

This has been done more than once by an astute general when conditions favored him.

Joe was satisfied he could do up his captors if they came his way singly.

So he waited to see what would happen.

In a few minutes he heard footsteps coming forward again.

Another tough was coming, and Joe guessed what was bringing him.

If he could get this chap he would feel reasonably safe about the final issue.

He did not believe the other two would be able to overcome him unless one of them had a revolver, which he wasn't figuring on.

He retired once more to the hold.

"What's keeping you, Jim?" cried the newcomer down the scuttle.

Naturally, he received no answer.

"Hey, what are you about?" he asked again.

Still no reply.

He stuck his head down and saw no sign of Jim.

That clearly puzzled him, for the kitchen compartment was vacant.

"Jim ain't here," he shouted back to his companions.

"That's funny," replied one of the two in the cockpit.

"Where else could he be?"

"Maybe he went into the hold to see the kid."

"How could he when the cases are against the door?"

"Maybe he was able to get through."

"Look and see."

So the tough jumped down, tried the door, found it opened part of the way, and was satisfied Jim was in the hold.

"What are you doing in there, Jim?" he said, sticking in his head.

He got a different answer from what he expected.

After getting it his thoughts went glimmering into the darkness of unconsciousness.

He fell through the opening.

Joe dragged him the rest of the way, tied him with the other piece of rope, and gagged him with a dirty handkerchief that was in his pocket.

In getting the handkerchief Joe discovered a revolver in his hip pocket.

He took possession of it.

Then he waited to see if No. 3 would come forward.

No. 3 did ten minutes later, wondering what was keeping his two pals below.

Locking down he saw that the door was half way open, and concluded that the absent ones were in the hold.

They were, of course, but not in the shape he supposed.

"Jim—Bill, what are you doing down there?" he shouted.

No reply came back to him.

With an impatient growl he sprang down and struck his head into the trap.

He got the same dose the others received.

Joe hunted around till he found a piece of line and tied him up.

A strip of lining from his coat served as an effective gag.

Joe was tickled to death over his success.

With three of his enemies down and out, what had he to fear from the last man who was at the tiller?

He had a revolver, and with that he ought to be able to capture the fellow.

Not only was his own escape all but assured, but he would be able to return the stolen cases to the steamboat company.

The whole business would be quite a feather in his cap.

He sat down and waited awhile.

He chuckled as he thought of the impatience of the steersman over the non-appearance of his associates in guilt.

Joe didn't expect he would leave the tiller until his curiosity got the better of him.

As daylight would last for some time yet, the boy was in no hurry.

The fellow at the tiller stood it as long as he could.



The continued absence of his pals finally got on his nerves. Their conduct was most extraordinary to him. Determined to look into the matter, he left the tiller, for the sloop could almost steer herself in the light breeze, and came forward.

Joe heard him coming, and went into ambush again. The open door enticed the rascal down, and in a few minutes he met his fate.

Joe was now master of the situation. He jumped out on deck, closed the scuttle cover, and secured it by the stable.

Then he shoved the hatch all the way over its hole, and stepped into the cockpit.

What he knew about sailing a boat was mighty little, but under the circumstances little skill was required.

The island was behind by this time about a mile. Right ahead was a big river town with wharves and small shipping.

Joe aimed to conclude the cruise there. He was close in when around a bend in the stream came one of the navigation company's steamboats, on her afternoon trip up the river.

Joe saw she was making for a partly covered wharf which bore the company's sign.

She was going to stop there. In a moment the boy had made up his mind what to do. He ran into the head of the wharf and made fast.

Then he asked for the steamboat agent. The man was pointed out to him. Joe hurriedly told him his story. The man could hardly credit his yarn.

He had no time to look into the matter himself at that moment, so he called a clerk and told him to go aboard the sloop with Joe to investigate.

Joe told the clerk the main facts in a few words as they stepped on the craft and pulled the hatch off.

They sprang down, and Joe showed him the cases of goods that had come by rail to Chester, and had then been sent to the steamboat wharf for shipment up the Sassafras River.

The clerk was convinced that the boy had told the truth. He was astonished when Joe told him he had captured the four rascals single-handed.

"I don't see how you did it," said the clerk. "It was dead easy after I got the first one. I trapped them one by one. I couldn't have tackled all of them at once, of course."

"How did you do it?" "There isn't time for me to tell you. These cases and the prisoners ought to be taken aboard the steamer and carried to Chester at once."

"You stay here while I report to the agent," said the clerk. The result was the steamer was held until the cases and the prisoners were removed from the hold of the sloop and taken aboard.

Joe went along to tell his story to the captain of the steamboat, who was rather surprised on being told to take the four men up the river.

The prisoners were shoved into a spare room on the lower deck and locked in.

After the steamer got under headway again the mate took Joe up to the hurricane deck where the pilot-house was.

The captain was there. The boy told his story now in complete detail. The skipper was amazed, but the evidence was there to convince him of its truth.

Joe did not shield Franklin. He told all he knew about the man. The steamer reached her wharf at Chester about nine o'clock.

Franklin and the office clerks had long since gone home. The steamer was made fast and the few passengers went ashore.

No freight was to be moved till next morning. The matter of the stolen goods was so important that the captain said he would communicate with the manager at his home.

This he did over the office wire. The manager said he would be right down to the wharf, so Joe and the captain waited for him.

When he arrived Joe told his story once more. The captain showed the eight stolen cases to the manager. Then the prisoners, who had recovered their senses by this time, were shown to him.

He sent for the police and had the rascally four taken away to the station-house, charged with robbery.

"You have done a great thing, young man," said the manager to Joe. "It strikes me you are a hard boy to beat."

"I guess I am," smiled Joe. "You have placed our company under great obligations to you, and I have no doubt when I have submitted my report of the case to the president that you will be suitably rewarded."

"I won't refuse anything the company offers me." "You say you are employed in the freight department of the P. & G. road?"

"Yes." "How long have you been there?" "About six weeks."

"I shall ask that our company send a letter to the president of the road commending you in high terms. That ought to be of advantage to you."

"The president of the railroad knows me well." "Indeed? Are you a friend of his?"

"No, but I saved the Atlantic and Pacific Express from being wrecked in the cut between Morristown and Bridgewater about seven weeks ago."

"You don't say. I remember reading about it at the time. So you are the young man who was the hero of that incident?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, well. You are something of a wonder. Your name is sure to get into the papers in connection with this affair, too. You are certainly an unusual boy, and those are the ones who succeed in life."

"I hope to succeed, sir. I was down and out when I saved the train, but now things are a whole lot more prosperous with me."

"Well, you will have to appear in court against those men in the morning. They could not be convicted without your testimony. As for Franklin, there is no direct evidence against him, and so I can't have him arrested, unless the police can get one of the prisoners to peach on him. He will have to quit our employ, however, for we can't have any one in our service against whom the finger of suspicion points. Now good-night. I will meet you in court in the morning."

Joe got home late that evening, and Hans wanted to know where he had been.

"I've been having the time of my life," grinned Joe, who then astonished the Dutch boy with his story.

"Vell, off you don't took der cake, Sho, I'm a liar," said Hans. "Py shinmany, you ought to join der polises. You would soon haf all der crooks in shall."

Joe reported at the freight room in the morning as usual, and explained his failure to return the day before by telling his strenuous story to the chief.

Joe readily received permission to attend court that morning.

He told his story to the magistrate. The toughs pleaded not guilty, and denied everything.

They were held, however, and later one of them was induced to turn State's evidence on the promise of being let off.

His story incriminated Franklin, and that individual was arrested.

Franklin denied his complicity, and swore it was a frame-up.

In the end he and three of the toughs were convicted and sent to prison.

Joe received \$500 from the steamboat company for his services in the case.

That made him worth something over \$1,600, which was a considerable sum for a boy to accumulate within two months of the time when he was down and out.

He remained with the railroad company and was steadily advanced in its employ.

At the end of a year the president transferred him to a station down the road as assistant to the agent.

Six months later he became agent at another station. From that point he continued to advance to better jobs and higher wages.

While it was true he was somewhat favored by the president of the road, that was because of his ability and ambition to get ahead.

In any case he deserved the success he won, for he was a hard boy to beat.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY BANKER'S DOUBLE; OR, A STRANGE WALL STREET MYSTERY."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.



## CURRENT NEWS

Among the Ainus the price of a wife is a bear ham. The Kaffir price varies from four to eight oxen. In Uganda a wife can be obtained for a score of cartridges. The Australian black obtains his helpmate for her weight in butter, and in Turkestan the Tartars can buy as many wives as they please for a box of matches each.

The census of 1910 gives the whole Russian Empire a population of 160,095,200. With its vast area of 8,650,000 square miles Russia is capable of maintaining a thousand millions of people. Siberia, now thinly populated, is known to be, in many parts, immensely fertile, especially as a wheat producer, and is capable of sustaining a vast population, to say nothing of Russia in Europe.

Johannes Jacobus Kuyk, after a wedding ceremony preliminaries for which lasted several months, is a married man. His bride was Miss Maria Louise Grotendorst of Holland. They were married by mail. The bride is expected to arrive from Holland June 13. Final papers uniting the couple have arrived from Holland. A number of officials took part in the ceremony. When Mrs. Kuyk arrives she will be accompanied by Miss Nellie Rees of Holland, who is to become the bride of G. Kuyk, of Grand Rapids, Minn., a brother of Johannes.

The electrical tree is found in the forests of central India, and possesses peculiar qualities. The leaves are of a highly sensitive nature, and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon the magnetic needle, and will influence it even at a distance of seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds shun the tree, and it is free from insects.

Negotiations have recently been in progress for the salvage of the thirteen French ships sunk after the battle of La Hogue in May, 1692. In February tenders were opened for the right to search for treasure, a large sum for the pay of the fleet said to be buried with them. Seven French warships, including Admiral Tourville's flagship, the *Soleil Royal*, were burned under the guns of Fort La Hogue, and six more were destroyed afterward by a raid of Sir George Rooke. The undertaking to raise them after being sunk for nearly 222 years has attracted considerable interest.

A five-dollar bill, accompanied by a note which showed it to be "conscience money," was received by the Post-Dispatch, St. Louis, in the mails. The message read: "Inclosed find \$5 for 50 Sunday morning papers stolen from in front of your branch on Market, near Tenth or Eleventh, about twenty years ago. Yours in peace." Such

a theft is not recollected by any one in the circulation department of the Post-Dispatch. The recent Lenten religious revival was carried on by a large number of St. Louis churches. It has heretofore been noticed that such revivals stimulate the payment of "conscience money" to railroads and business houses by anonymous but conscience-stricken persons.

Mrs. Ella Heim is suing Jerry Wilson, of San Francisco, reputed owner of several rich Alaska gold claims, and his wife for a share of his fortune. It is the old story of the Alaska grubstake. Mrs. Heim adopted Alice Nightengale years ago, and Jerry Wilson, at that time of San Francisco, married the adopted daughter. Years later Wilson went to Alaska, Mrs. Heim alleges, with money she furnished him as a grubstake. Two years afterward, Mrs. Heim says, she furnished Mrs. Wilson with money to go to Nome to join her husband. Wilson and J. S. Kimball, his business partner in the Wilson-Kimball Mining Company, who is a co-defendant, are alleged to have properties worth several millions. Mrs. Heim insists her half is due her because of the grubstake.

According to statistics made up by the International Bureau of Posts, there were on January 15, 1914, 569 wireless telegraph stations in the world. The United States leads with 178; then come England, 91; Canada, 37; France, 35; Italy, 33; Russia, 29; Brazil, 26; Germany, 23; Norway, 21, and so on down to China and Sweden with two stations each. Contrary to what might be expected, this great increase in wireless stations has not checked the growth in mileage of submarine cables. In the six years, 1908-1913, this network has increased by 125,000 miles, of which 35,846 belong to nations and 90,000 to private companies. There are now 322,000 miles of submarine cables, of which 144,000 are British, 62,653 are American, 27,000 French, 27,000 German, 10,800 Danish, 5,600 Japanese.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of to-day uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept hot. The knots, curls and filers of the wood are later worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.



# LOST FOR ONE YEAR

OR,

## ADrift ON A WATER-LOGGED SHIP

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER I.

#### BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

"Looks like a squall coming up over there in the West, don't it, Hal?"

"Oh, I hardly think so."

"Perhaps we had better turn back to make sure of it. You know we had no idea of coming outside the Hook till we got to the Highlands."

"Well, the weather was so nice, and there was no sea on to speak of, so I suggested that we see how the Wasp would behave on the ocean."

"She has behaved all right, but if that is a squall coming up, and it should reach us before we got inside, we might get treated pretty badly. An upset would not be exactly to my liking."

"You are right on that point, Lew. Well, if you think it is best we will turn back."

The above conversation had been carried on in whispers by two boys, neither of whom had passed his nineteenth year. They were seated in the stern-sheets of a graceful little yacht which was gliding along before a gentle breeze on the bosom of the great Atlantic. In the cock-pit sat a clean-shaven, elderly looking gentleman and a boy who could not have been over fourteen years of age.

The yacht, which was named the Wasp, was about thirty feet long and strongly built. It was the property of Hal Morris, who lived at Perth Amboy, a city of the State of New Jersey.

Lew Nixon was his chum. When Hal went out for a sail Lew invariably went with him. The two boys were expert at handling the Wasp, and there was nothing of her size in the waters of Raritan Bay that could beat her.

On the morning of the day on which our story opens Hal had agreed to take his uncle and cousin down to see the Highlands of Navesink. It was a fine morning, and they started early, taking with them both eatables and drinkables, fishing lines, a rifle and a pair of long-distance glasses.

Hal's uncle was from the South. He had come North with his only son to spend a short vacation. His profession was that of a physician, and, like every one else who knew him, Hal called him doctor when he spoke to him or of him.

Dr. Denton was one of those sort of people who are fond of seeing new scenes, and like adventure. His son Archie, who had just passed his fourteenth birthday, was exactly like him in this respect, only he was at least a hundred per cent. more daring.

Presently the boy Archie arose from his seat and walked aft.

"What is the matter, Hal?" he asked of his cousin. "I see that you are looking anxiously at the sky. Is there a storm coming up?"

"Not exactly, I guess. But Lew thinks that cloud over there is going to develop into a squall, and he has got me in the same notion. We have decided that it is best to turn back and get inside the Hook, so we can run into the Government dock if it does come."

"That's right, boys," spoke up the doctor nervously. "This has been the finest sail I ever had; don't let it be spoiled by any unnecessary danger. I believe we are going to have a squall myself, and if I mistake not it is going to be a heavy one. It is coming quickly, too. Look at that cloud now!"

What the doctor said was true. The cloud, which had not been much larger than a man's hand at first, was now spreading rapidly. It was growing blacker, too.

The Wasp had not yet reached the lightship, for which they had intended to make before they turned homeward, but now as the cloud was looking so ominous, even Hal began to grow uneasy.

The trim little vessel was promptly put about and headed for Sandy Hook Point.

But they were never to reach Sandy Hook Point that day.

If an experienced seaman had been there, he would have turned pale at the sight of that rapidly increasing cloud. He would have felt that certain death stared him in the face.

What possible show could that frail little craft stand in a heavy squall?

Blacker and blacker grew the heavens, and presently the breeze died out entirely. The Wasp now rose and fell idly on the swell.

"Hal," said Lew, whose face possessed a very anxious look, "the best thing we can do now is to take the sails down and throw out the grapnel."

"I know it; but will our rope allow the grapnel to reach bottom?"



"We can try it. If it does not reach here it will at some other place and catch as the wind blows us along."

"But," spoke up Dr. Denton, "if I am any judge, the wind will blow us directly out to sea—that is, if any does come out of this."

"Oh, something will come out of it, all right!" exclaimed his son. "You don't see such a black sky as this for nothing, let me tell you."

A faint, roaring noise could now be heard in the distance, and without wasting a word they hurriedly let down the jib and mainsail.

Archie Denton helped to hurriedly tie them up, after which the grapnel was thrown overboard.

"My!" cried Hal. "It is going to be a dandy! Just hear that roar, will you? And see how it is raining over there!"

He was right. It was raining so heavily between their boat and the point that the land could no longer be seen. Lew got a bailer and a bucket out.

"We must be ready to bail her out," he said. "When it strikes us we will be apt to ship a couple of barrels of water, I am thinking, and we must get it overboard again without a delay."

Nearer and nearer came the squall. The advance drops of the rain struck them two minutes later, and in thirty seconds more the sea was lashed into a foam and they were drenched to the skin.

The stern of the little sailboat swung around; her bow went under, and a flood of sea water came in. Hal and Lew began to bail it out with all their might. But they saw very quickly that if the Wasp stayed in that position very long she would certainly be swamped. There was only one thing to do, and that was to swing her around and let her go before it.

Lew knew this only too well, and pulling out his knife he severed the painter close to the ring-bolt. The boat had been backing swiftly seaward, anyhow, but the grapnel had been sufficient to pull her bows under.

As she became freed Hal swung her tiller around, and, using an oar, Lew watched his chance to work her head on.

It was a moment later, and he was assisted in an unexpected manner.

The jib became loosened, and bulged out like a small balloon.

It was the very best thing that could have happened, as they soon found out, for they found that they were now riding the turbulent waters with the grace of a cork.

The howling of the wind made it impossible to carry on a conversation. Hal and Lew talked by signs, and the doctor clung to the center-board trunk with one hand and to his boy with the other.

The expression on his face was one of abject terror. He liked excitement and adventure, but this was just a trifle too much for him.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a day in September when the squall came up. There are many who remember this squall as being the worst and hardest storm in years in that latitude. More than one noble vessel was wrecked, and the lives lost were not a few. It

lasted exactly an hour and forty minutes, traveling seaward, and leaving a path of destruction behind it.

As has been stated, the Wasp was a well-built little craft. But notwithstanding this it seemed a miracle that she was not swamped. It was a battle for life or death for over an hour, and finally life triumphed.

Both wind and rain ceased almost as suddenly as they came up, but the sea was as turbulent as ever, and it took all Hal and Lew could do to keep her steady.

When the sun came out it found our four friends in anything but a pleasant state. Both the jib and mainsail had been blown away, the rudder was broken, and everything aboard was thoroughly soaked.

Lew was steering with an oar, and looked vainly around for a sight of land.

But he might as well not have looked, for at that moment they were at least thirty miles from land.

Fifteen minutes later they happened to think of the doctor's glasses.

Hal got them, and after wiping them and putting them in shape, he scanned the horizon.

"I can see no land," said he, in answer to a query from Lew, "as there is too much of a haze. I can see a vessel, which has probably come outside of the Hook after the squall, though. She is heading this way, and to all appearances is a three-master."

"How long will it take her to reach us?" anxiously asked the doctor.

"A couple of hours, I should say."

"It will be dark by that time."

"I know that, but we have a lantern, and if it is not broken we will haul it to the masthead."

An examination showed that the lantern was not broken.

Meanwhile, an hour passed by. The three-master could now be seen plainly with naked eye. She was heading their way, too, so as soon as it began to get dark the lantern was lighted and hauled to the top of the mast.

What would the result be?

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SCHOONER THERESA G.

"If that vessel don't happen to see our light," whispered Hal to Lew, "there is no telling what will happen to us before daylight sets in. What little wind there is comes straight from land, and if another blow should happen to come up we would be badly off. Do you notice how our boat is leaking?"

"Yes," replied Lew, looking over at Archie Denton, who was busy bailing the water out.

"I have got a strong idea that she will see our light, though," resumed Hal.

"But suppose she does; won't that be apt to make her steer clear of us?"

"Yes, that is true; but she may have sighted us before it was too dark. They could easily have seen us with a glass, you know."

(To be continued)



## FACTS WORTH READING

### DR. CAMPBELL'S RECENT DISCOVERIES.

An expedition made recently into the Mojave Desert and the discovery of relics of fauna now extinct that shed light on the origin and evolution of life in America were described in an address by Dr. John Campbell Merriam, professor of paleontology and historical geology of the University of California, in connection with the Charter Day exercises. Dr. Merriam had been chosen speaker at the annual faculty research lecture, an honor awarded to the faculty member who has done most during the year in research work and dissemination of knowledge. The finding of pilocene deposits representing a stage precisely unknown on this continent was related by the speaker. He also told of the discovery of upper miocene fauna, hitherto unknown west of the Wasatch Mountains, and of evidence of the relation of life in America to that of Asia in the miocene and pliocene periods.

### HAWAIIAN ROUTE CHANGED.

The interruption of the Tehuantepec Railroad across the lower part of Mexico, running from Puerto Mexico, just south of Vera Cruz, to Salina Cruz on the Pacific Coast, has forced the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company to make a sudden change in its steamship routes. It has been the company's custom since 1907 to send cargoes from New York and Philadelphia to Puerto Mexico, there to be transshipped for reloading in ships at Salina Cruz.

The dislocation of the railroad service has made it necessary to return to the old all-water route through the Straits of Magellan. The trip from New York to San Francisco by this route requires about forty-eight days. It was said at the company's offices that the change had been welcomed as avoiding the extra unloading and reloading, and that, as compared with the alternative Panama Railroad route, the trip around South America could be made as quickly, owing to the fact that traffic on the Panama road was badly congested.

The Magellan service will be continued until the opening of the Panama Canal, which is expected to occur in about three months.

### COCOANUTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

As a result of a shortage of cocoanuts in various portions of the Philippines, due apparently to storm damage during the past eighteen months, the price of cocoanuts in the islands has gone very high of late. This shortage is likely to have a marked effect upon the exports of copra from the islands this season. The quality of copra is being greatly improved, and prices obtained for the artificially dried nuts are materially higher than for those cured in the "tapajans," where the copra is usually damaged by smoke and dirt.

Speaking of the Philippine cocoanut industry Harry H. Sebree, who is a nephew of Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree,

U. S. N., retired, and was in Los Angeles, Cal., on a visit from Manila, is quoted in press dispatches as saying that the returns from the trade last year exceeded the amount received for hemp or sugar. The cocoanut palm is yielding an increasing number of products to supply the demands of the world's trade. The list includes, besides the familiar shredded cocoanut, these articles: Oil, wine, butter, hair tonic, toilet soap, charcoal, matting, baskets and brooms.

"The year after the arrival of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay the returns from the cocoanut industry in the islands amounted to about \$750,000," Sebree said. "Ten years later the trade had increased to \$7,000,000, and last year it reached \$8,000,000, or \$1 for every inhabitant of the archipelago, and for the first time took rank ahead of hemp, sugar and other staples of the export trade.

"Every part of the cocoanut palm seems to be available for use in some manner. Its leaves may be woven together in a matting which serves as a shelter from rain and sun. The stem of the leaf contains a fiber which is excellent material for making baskets, brooms and strong, flexible hats. The flower of the tree yields a sap, called tuba, which in the fermented state is popular with the natives as a beverage. The sap may be distilled into a mild intoxicant called coco wine. Tuba is obtained by snipping the points of the unexpanded blossoms, from which the sap dries into bamboo receptacles. This operation destroys the nut germ, but tuba is so highly prized by the people in some parts of the islands that entire groves are devoted solely to its production."

The fiber of the husk is used for manufacturing matting, brushes, brooms, cordage, packing and for caulking the seams of vessels. The shell makes excellent fuel and may be converted into a superior quality of charcoal, although its most general use in the Philippines is for ladles and bowls of various descriptions, indispensable utilities among the poorer classes. The meat furnishes either the desiccated cocoanut of common table use, food for the natives, or, lastly and most important, becomes copra, from which cocoanut oil is extracted.

"We have not yet exhausted the uses of the cocoanut palm and its products," Mr. Sebree continued. "The copra is made into oil by the natives by primitive processes, the methods varying in different localities. One method is to grind the meat, boil it and then skim the oil from the surface of the water. Various kinds of crude presses are used to extract the oil. The residue left after the oil has been taken out is pressed into cakes and used as stock food or fertilizer.

"Cocoanut trees begin to yield nuts when they are four years old and bear for an indefinite period. There are records of trees 120 years old which are still producing. The nuts are not harvested at regular intervals, but are gathered every two or three months. The crop is carried to market on carts, sleds, pack horses or floated down streams on rafts."



# TEN-DAY ISLAND

OR,

## THE SECRET OF OLD 33

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XVI (Continued).

Visions of the old life in Wareton jail flitted before him. He felt that he would rather die than return to that dreary life, and yet all depended upon Caesar, for John Jacks himself knew nothing about sailing a boat.

There was great excitement on board the sailboat the instant the Pigeon came in sight.

John Jacks saw a man rise in the standing-room, and he knew that it was Colonel Gayton from his build.

The man put his hand alongside his mouth and shouted:

"You want to stop, there! Hey! Hello! If you don't stop, we shall shoot every mother's son of you!"

"There's a threat for you, Susie!" cried John Jacks.

"He says nothing about mother's daughters," replied Susie, displaying a revolver, "but if he tries any of his tricks on me, I'm ready for him, and I can use this thing, too."

"We don't want any shooting," said John Jacks. "What we want is to get away. It's a question of which boat can sail the best now."

And this was a question which it took a good hour to decide.

Even if Colonel Gayton had known the truth, he could not have made stronger efforts to overtake them than he did.

But the Pigeon was by far the better sailer of the two craft.

Light, she could have shown them her heels in short order, and even loaded as she was she held her own and more, slowly but steadily gaining upon the other boat.

At no time were they within rifle range, or somebody would probably have been shot.

Caesar proved himself a perfect expert at sailing, and, standing straight up the coast, they at last left the sailboat so far in the rear that further efforts on the part of Colonel Gayton were useless, and he gave it up.

There was a great cheering on board the Pigeon when they saw the sailboat turn back.

"If we can only have a few days of pleasant weather now, we are all right," declared John Jacks. "Caesar, you have done fine."

"Here de bes' I could, boss," chuckled the old darky, who was in high feather. "Say, what's the mattah with weans givin' all de way up Norf in dis yere bully boat?"

"The only matter is that we would probably never get there," replied John Jacks. "What we want to do is to

make for Norfolk, Virginia, and that's as far as it is safe for us to go."

"Can we ever hope to do it?" sighed Susie.

"We can if this weather holds," replied John Jacks, and hold it did for four days without a sign of change.

During those four days the Pigeon kept flying on and on, until at last she flew into the mouth of the James river, and came to anchor off Norfolk, safe and sound.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### HOW THE TREASURE WAS MADE SECURE.

We now propose to shift our story to another part of the world.

We are all through with North Carolina, we have nothing more to do with Wareton jail, nor with Ten Day Island.

John Jacks, Joe, Susie, and Caesar are all safe in the city of New York.

As we have considerable to tell about what they did after they got there we may as well jump right in and tell how they got there, and whether the treasure of the island revealed by Old 33 got there, too.

John Jacks showed himself a shrewd fellow from first to last.

He left Susie, Joe, and Caesar on board the sailboat at Norfolk, knowing that their appearance on shore would attract attention, and hailing one of the many rowboats which are always being pulled about Norfolk harbor, he went ashore alone with a pocket full of gold pieces.

John Jacks was ready to do business, and he went right about it.

His first visit was to a money changing gentleman to whom he offered his old coins.

They were duly weighed, and John Jacks received six hundred and eighty-five dollars in exchange.

Here was a haul to begin with.

Provided with money now, John Jacks went out to do shopping.

First he visited a clothing store and fitted himself out from head to foot, buying a suit for Joe and another for Caesar, with shoes and hat and underclothes to match.

Then it was a visit to Norfolk's principal department store, where a line of goods was purchased for Susie.



All these things John Jacks ordered sent to the express office. He had previously called there and arranged to have them held until he came.

The next place on the list was a box factory. Here by great luck John Jacks found just what he wanted ready made, where he had expected to be obliged to have them made to order, and come again.

He bought fifty strong boxes with covers, and these were ordered sent to the express office, too.

The next visit was to the wharves, where John Jacks wandered about for some time before he found what he wanted.

At last he hit it, and for \$30 purchased a stout rowboat with oars.

He paid cash down, and, returning to the express office, ordered the goods delivered at the boat, with instructions that the delivery of the boxes should be last.

It was dark when John Jacks made his second trip ashore.

He had carried over all the goods, and now he was ready for the boxes; as he had arranged with the boat owner to receive them, there they were piled on the wharf all ready for him, and he carried them over to the Pigeon in two trips, and it was all done so quietly that no one's attention was attracted to what he was about.

All that night was spent in breaking open the chests and packing the coin into boxes.

Four of the chests contained gold coins representing every nation on earth, and two were filled with silver, greatly to the disappointment of everybody, for it reduced the value of the treasure just so much.

The fifty boxes proved to be more than sufficient to contain the coins, and by morning they were all packed and marked: "J. Mackintosh, New York. Mineral Specimens."

This accounted for their weight, and John Jacks declared they were ready to be shipped.

Still leaving his companions behind him, he went ashore again next morning and engaged transportation for them on the New York steamer. Later in the day the Pigeon sailed up alongside the steamer, and the boxes were transferred to her hold.

It was a risk, of course, but no greater risk, John Jacks thought, than it would have been to disclose the true character of the contents of the boxes.

You may be very sure that John Jacks filled his pockets with all the gold he could conveniently carry; Joe and Susie did the same, and even Caesar had his load.

After that they sold the Pigeon and the rowboat for \$150, and all took the train for New York.

It was a great experience for Susie and Joe, neither of whom had ever seen a city in their lives.

They thought Washington was immense, but when they struck Philadelphia they were lost in wonder. By the time they reached New York they were somewhat used to it.

As for Caesar, who had lived all his life in New Orleans, he had not a word to say, but was perfectly content to play the servant to John Jacks, and do just as he was told.

"We want to keep quiet until we get our gold," said

John Jacks, "and if we go to a hotel we shall only attract the attention of every one. What I propose is to go to Brooklyn, hire a furnished house, and start right in for ourselves."

There could not have been a better plan.

As they reached New York in the morning, John Jacks had all day before him, and before noon he had hired the house, paying three months' rent in advance, and they all took possession, and no questions asked.

Two days later the boxes arrived, and were safely stowed away in the chamber in which John Jacks and Joe slept.

Meanwhile Caesar had proved himself a model servant; he did all the cooking and cleaning, and showed no disposition to go off on a spell with his money, as the boys had feared would be the case.

All voted Caesar a treasure, and as for Susie and Joe they ran all over the two cities sight-seeing, and were as happy as the day was long.

"Just as soon as we get our money safely banked I'll engage a housekeeper," said John Jacks; "and for the present we will remain here. It will do all right for me for a while."

Joe thought it would do all right for him forever, and Susie seemed perfectly willing to take things as they came.

Then the work of changing the money into current funds began.

John Jacks got the address of every money changer in the city, and he and Joe took the treasure, two boxes at a time, and sold it, depositing the money received in the bank of New York.

This was slow work and took more than two weeks, but when it was all done the boys and Susie were amazed at the result.

John Jacks was certainly no judge of gold values.

Instead of \$200,000, there was a little short of half a million deposited in the bank, and the officers began to wonder who these two well-dressed boys were, who came day after day to deposit big checks and rolls of bills.

John Jacks pondered a long time as to what he ought to do with the money which had thus strangely come into his hands.

Here was Joe and Susie and Caesar; all had done their share to help transform him from a convict slave into a rich man.

Nominally the treasure belonged to Old 33.

Actually it was not his at all, but the property of a South American government which had long since gone out of existence.

To return it to its rightful owner was impossible.

Joe had not said a word, nor had Susie, and as for Caesar, he did not seem to care anything about the matter, leaving it all to his white friends.

At last John Jacks, who wanted to do the right thing, came to the decision that all except Caesar had an equal right to the money, so he had the bank account divided into three equal parts, one for himself, one for Joe, and one for Susie. Each then drew an equal share of \$10,000, and that sum was deposited in four savings banks in Caesar's name.

(To be continued)



# WE WANT YOU

TO READ

## "Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine devoted to Photoplays and Players

::

Absolutely the finest little publication on the news-stands

**PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY**

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVER DESIGNS

THIRTY-TWO PAGES

FINE HALF-TONE FRONTISPIECES

New portraits of actors and actresses every week

-

Get a copy of this weekly magazine and see what it is

### EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS

Six Gripping Stories, based on the latest and best films, each profusely illustrated with fine half-tones of scenes in the plays.

Photographs and Biographies of the most celebrated Photoplay actors and actresses.

Special Articles relating to Moving Pictures, written by the greatest authorities in the film business.

News Notes from the studios about the doings of everybody of prominence connected with the Photoplays.

Scenario Hints and the names of all the companies who may buy the plays you write.

Poems, Jingles, Jests and every bright feature calculated to interest both young and old.

**GET A COPY NOW** from your newsdealer, or send us 5 cents in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you the latest number issued.

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher**

**168 West 23d Street**

**New York**

Japanese doctors are discussing the unusual if not unprecedented case of a child meeting death from the beak of a rooster. A four-year-old girl was walking to a playground near her father's house in Tokio when she was attacked by a rooster who pecked at her viciously. The girl ran, stumbled and fell, hitting a stone. Before the onlookers could interfere the rooster had again attacked the child in the forehead. The child was picked up dead.

Peru has within her borders a bewildering variety of races. There are the white people of Spanish descent, the mestizos (half Spanish, half native) and the Indians. The Indians themselves are of two races—those of the mountains and those of the forests. The highlanders are the descendants of the ancient people of the Incas. Both lowlanders and highlanders are treated as beasts of burden by the other classes. So accustomed are they to being abused that when an English traveler recently exploring the Andes paid his porters without a grumble or a deduction he overheard them excitedly commenting upon the fact that the "Ingles" had paid up in full.

One of the difficulties in the extension of electrical and chemical chemistry is the shortage of platinum, says the American Machinist. Russia is practically the only country producing platinum; it is found in various localities of the Ural Mountains. Very small quantities

have been found in Borneo, Brazil, Australia and California. Out of the world's total production of 13,250 pounds, more than 95 per cent. comes from Russia. Now extensive deposits of platinum have been discovered in Germany, in Westphalia, where iron, lead, copper and zinc mines abound. The platinum is present in the form of an alloy, but in sufficient quantities to guarantee profitable extraction, and it seems possible that under new methods of analysis deposits of platinum under workable conditions may be found in various other parts of the world.

Six students of the School of Architecture of Columbia University, who appointed themselves detectives three weeks ago to catch the thief who had been robbing lockers and carrying off clothing and valuable instruments, caused the arrest recently of David G. Lambert, alias Swensen, a middle-aged man. He was locked up in the West 125th Street Police Station. The thefts began just before the Easter holidays, and the six have been keeping daily guard over the locker room. After the class was dismissed recently the students climbed on top of the lockers and hid behind six large pieces of cardboard used in sketching. For ten minutes they waited, and then their vigil was rewarded. Lambert sneaked into the room and began to search the drawers and lockers. The students told the police. The six overpowered Lambert and took him before Professor Lord. Then the police were notified.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1914.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25
One Copy One Year.....	\$2.50

### Postage Free.

**HOW TO SEND MONEY**—At our risk send P.O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, President  
N. HARRISON, Treasurer  
CHAR. E. NYLANDER, Secretary

Frank Tousey, Publisher  
168 West 23d St., N. Y.

## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

A profit-sharing plan for employees is being prepared by the New York Edison Company. The Employees Investment Company of the New York Edison Company is to be incorporated, and Edison company employees will be allowed to buy stock in the Consolidated Gas Company, the parent concern.

At the world's championship typewriting contest held in Toronto, April 27, Miss Margaret Owen of New York, the holder of the title, maintained her supremacy, writing 126 words a minute for half an hour. Miss Rose Fritz of New York was second with 122.3 words. Miss Bessie Friedman, also of New York, was third with 122 words. A new Canadian record was established by Fred Jarrett of Toronto, who wrote 104 words a minute.

Among the strange customs honored in Persia is one which empowers an executioner, before performing his dread office, to claim the payment from the parent or relatives of the victim of a sum not exceeding 50 tomans, about \$800. Rarely, however, is this sum forthcoming, and as a consequence the murderer is often imprisoned for life on account of the refusal of the executioner to work for nothing. The sentence is therefore mechanically commuted more often than not.

Mount Vesuvius, on the west coast, and Mount Etna, on the island of Sicily, became active simultaneously the other day. A series of violent tremblings of the earth accompanied the eruptions. These shocks were felt for some distance about Vesuvius. Reports received here declare there is no immediate danger in the vicinity of Vesuvius. Hundreds of Americans are now in Italy and more than a thousand tourists thronged the sides of Mount Etna and Vesuvius watching the eruptions.

The diamond's extraordinary brilliancy is due to its great refractive power in transmitting rays of white light. The largest known diamond is the Rajah, which once belonged to the Rajah of Mattan. It is an egg-shaped stone, weighing 367 carats. At one time the governor of Borneo offered for it \$500,000, two war vessels fully equipped, a

number of cannon, and a quantity of powder and shot; but this offer was refused, the rajah believing that the fortunes of his family were connected with this gem. The most famous diamond is the Koh-i-noor, the possession of King George V., and once the pride of the Great Mogul. When in the rough it weighed 900 carats, but now, after various cuttings, it weighs 123 carats. The Orloff diamond, once the eye of an Indian idol, and now the property of the Emperor of Russia, is an egg-shaped stone of great beauty, weighing 102¼ carats. A historical diamond is the Regent, or Pitt diamond. In weight it is 136¾ carats, and in clearness it is unrivaled; its form is nearly perfect, its diameter and depth being almost equal. It was found in Golconda, and brought to England by Mr. Pitt, grandfather of the famous Earl of Chatham, and sold by him to the Duc d'Orleans for 130,000 pounds. It afterward decorated the royal crown of France. Napoleon used it to ornament the hilt of his sword, but it was taken by the Prussians on the field of Waterloo, and now belongs to the German emperor.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

Judge—Have you formed any prejudice against the prisoner? Juryman—I have seen some newspaper pictures of him. Judge—You are excused.

Briggs—You must have a lot of trouble keeping your wife dressed up in the height of style. Griggs—Yes, but it's nothing of the trouble I'd have if I didn't.

Baron Sans Dough—What do you think of my family tree? Mr. Muchgold—The tree may be a good one, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure.

Two oysters were in a big pot full of milk, getting ready for a stew. Said one oyster to the other: "Where are we?" "At a church supper," was the reply. Whereupon the little oyster said: "What on earth do they want with both of us?"

"And how," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "did Noah spend his time on the ark?" Little Johnny, thinking of the expanse of waters, had an idea: "Fishing!" he suggested. "Aw!" spoke up young Tommy in disgust, "a lot of fishin' he'd do with only two worms!"

"Well," said he, anxious to make up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?" "Not very," replied his wife indifferently. "Well, it's something for the one I love the best in the world." "Ah, I suppose it's those new collars you said you needed."

"You cruel boy," said the fashionably dressed young woman to the youth whom she found robbing a bird's nest. "Why do you take those eggs? Think of the poor mother bird when she comes back and——" "That's all right, Miss," answered the boy, "the mother bird is dead." "How do you know that?" "I see her on your hat."



## THE SECRET OF THE CROSS OF GOLD.

By Alexander Armstrong

I was, at the time of which I am writing, a New Orleans detective.

A most mysterious murder had been committed in the house where I was stopping.

The owner was a friend of mine by the name of Levantine—Gerald Levantine was his full name.

The victim of the assassin was "Old Seybert Levantine," as he was familiarly called, who was an eccentric old bachelor, and the elder brother of Gerald.

The day preceding the murder, Harcourt Stanley, the adopted son of Old Seybert Levantine, had returned home from New York, where he had been for two or three years attending a medical college.

Seybert Levantine had retired to his room in his brother Gerald's house, where he had made his home for ten years, just as usual.

In the morning a servant found him dead in his bed.

He had been stabbed to the heart.

Seybert Levantine was not worth a dollar that was not so invested that no one would profit by his death save his legal heirs.

The murdered man had been a soldier in the Union army, and he received a pension from the government that supported him.

He had a few hundred dollars saved up—not enough to tempt anyone to kill him, though.

"Strange that so poor a man should have adopted a son?" the reader says.

It was strange, but it came about this way:

One dark, stormy night, twenty-two years previous, as I was crossing the river in a small boat, Seybert Levantine came upon a drifting boat, in which was a little child—a boy three years old.

Seybert Levantine took the child home, and the little fellow won the affections of the entire household.

Gerald Levantine was only too glad to have Seybert adopt the boy, but he was very much surprised when his brother proposed to do so.

The reason why Gerald Levantine was astonished was simply because Seybert was a taciturn, morose man, who was never fond of children.

Seybert Levantine's adopted son was called Morton Levantine.

Old Seybert had never manifested any particular affection for the boy.

All these particulars I learned from Gerald.

Suspicion pointed to no one as the guilty party; and for nearly two weeks I had been working in vain to find a single clue to the perpetrator of the cruel deed.

As I stood upon the veranda watching the sunset this particular evening, Gerald Levantine came out of the house and approached me.

In his hand he had a small carved wooden case.

"I have just made a discovery," Gerald said.

I was interested at once.

"Does it relate to the murder?"

"Yes; I have discovered that a large cross of gold, which

my brother for some reason treasured with the greatest care, and which he always kept in this case, is gone!"

"Describe to me that cross," I said quickly.

He did so.

"If I ever see it I shall recognize it," I said.

"Do you think the missing cross could have been taken by the assassin?" Gerald asked.

"Possibly, but not probably. An article of so little value would not be an incentive to the commission of so terrible a crime," I replied.

Gerald Levantine's information regarding the cross of gold suggested an entirely new idea to me.

There might be some mystery about the cross of gold, if solved, which would lead to the solution of the mystery of the murder of Seybert Levantine.

Some weeks elapsed.

I had returned to New Orleans.

This was the first case that had baffled me for a number of years, and I know that a rival detective agency had been working night and day to get ahead of me in the solution of the mystery.

One day I accompanied a company of sportsmen on a duck-shooting expedition into the depths of the great salt marshes, in the midst of which the Malay settlements, which have been in existence for years, though seldom visited by white men, are situated.

I became separated from my companions, and finally the alarming conviction that I was lost forced itself upon my mind.

How long I wandered about aimlessly I do not know, but it must have been for hours.

Night was coming on rapidly, when I heard the sound of footsteps.

A moment later I came to an opening in the bushes, and, to my surprise, I saw one of our company—a man who was a comparative stranger to me, and whose name was Pierce Rocher—advancing to the door of a hut in the center of the clearing.

Presently a strange looking old man, whom a glance assured me was a Malay, came out.

I was about to rush forth when something occurred that checked me.

From his pocket Rocher drew the cross of gold that Gerald Levantine had described to me.

I was sure it was the cross that was missing from the case of Seybert Levantine.

At the sight of the cross the old Malay uttered a startled cry, and made a spring at the golden trinket.

Rocher hurled him back.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Would you rob me?"

"No—no, but the cross—the cross! Where you get him?" the Malay asked.

"From my father!" answered Rocher.

"And your father's name?"

Rocher hesitated.

He was caught.

"You lie!" howled the Malay.

"No—no; I tell you the truth, but I do not know the name of my own father. Listen, old man: I was found drifting in a small boat on the river, when an infant, and the cross was about my neck."



"Why do you tell me this?" the Malay asked.

"Because I have found out the secret of the cross. It opens, and within it is a bit of parchment, upon which a cipher message is written, but I made out the following: '100,000 pounds.' The cipher relates to a fortune, perhaps my own, and in the cross is also your picture, old man, the terrible scar across your forehead and all. Since I discovered the secret of the cross I have been on the lookout for the original of that picture—yourself. I saw you enter your hut a few moments ago, and recognized you. Now, I suspect you can read this cipher; that you are in some way concerned in the mystery of the cross, or your picture would not be in it. If you will read for me that cipher, and aid me to gain possession of the fortune I suppose it contains the secret of, I'll reward you as you never dreamed of; I'll make you rich," said Rocher.

"The cipher tells the secret of a fortune, and it belongs to him upon whose neck that cross was placed when he was an infant. I can read the cipher, but I will not, because you are not the owner of that cross."

"You shall read it, or, by heavens, you die!" cried Rocher.

As he spoke he clutched the aged Malay by the throat, and whipped out a dagger.

Silently as a shadow I stole up behind Rocher and dealt him a blow on the head that knocked him senseless.

Then I snatched the cross from him.

"Come with me," I said, "and I will show you the rightful owner of the cross of gold."

The Malay fixed his dark eyes upon my face, and for a moment he regarded me with a searching glance. Then he said:

"I will trust you. Come!"

He led me through the swamp until we reached the waterside.

Then we halted, and I hurriedly told the Malay the history of the cross as far as I knew it. Then he gave me the following explanation:

"Twenty-five years ago I was the trusted servant of an English merchant in the Philippine Islands. His name was Hardress—Stephen Hardress. He was a widower, with a little son, an infant. Business called Mr. Hardress to America, and before setting out he deposited with a banker an immense sum of money. I witnessed the delivery of the money, and saw my master write out an order instructing the banker to deliver it to the bearer in case anything happened to him. Then he told the banker that I would be the party to present the order in case of accident to himself. The order was in cipher. The banker took a copy, and the original was inclosed with my picture in the cross of gold and suspended about his little son's neck. I should add that the banker kept a copy of my picture.

"We set out for New Orleans, and arrived there in safety. I was left in the city while my master and his little son set out up the river to visit St. Louis.

"Mr. Hardress never came back, and I could never learn what his fate was, or that of his little son."

This was the Malay's story.

In the cross I found the order and the picture of the Malay.

With him I hastened to New Orleans, intending to take him to see Morton Levantine next day.

That night, in the hotel parlor, I had seated myself in a deep window, where the curtain concealed my form, when Rocher and a handsome young lady entered the room.

"It's all right, Mag," said Rocher. "Undoubtedly Morton Levantine is the heir to the mysterious fortune mentioned in the cipher in the cross of gold. I have lost the cipher and the cross, but I have found the Malay, the original of the picture, and he assures me that the owner of the cross was entitled to a fortune.

"Now, it is very lucky you met Morton Levantine in New York, and that he has fallen in love with you. Go right on. Play your part. Become his wife, and then he shall die. The cross, I have reason to believe, is in the hands of one who will give it to him. When he has secured the fortune, we will insure his funeral, and you will inherit as his wife. Then we will leave the country and enjoy the money."

"Excellent!" replied the lady. "By the way," she went on, "I expect Morton Levantine here to-night. I received a message saying that he was coming to attend the reception given to the governor at this hotel this evening."

"Then lead him on to offer you his hand in marriage. We must not fail now—I have risked too much. From the time when, in a moment of drunken confidence, old Seybert Levantine told me of the golden cross, and how he expected to realize a fortune through it and the boy Morton, I determined to possess that fortune myself. I killed Seybert Levantine, and if you fail me, girl, I will kill you!"

"Never fear—I will not fail," was the young woman's answer.

Half an hour later, as he was leaving the hotel, I arrested Mr. Rocher and lodged him in prison.

I then returned to the hotel in full dress for the reception.

I was about to enter a small parlor on the second floor of the hotel, when I saw Morton Levantine and the young woman called Mag.

The young man's arm was about the false woman's waist, and her head rested upon his shoulder, when I entered the room.

I strode up to the pair.

"Morton Levantine, that woman is the accomplice of the assassin of your foster-father!" I said.

The woman sprang away and attempted to leave the room, but I placed her under arrest at once.

Then in a few words I gave the young man an explanation of the case.

The scoundrel Rocher was convicted of the murder of Seybert Levantine, in due time, and punished in accordance with the provisions of the law.

The fortune left by Morton's father with the banker in the Philippine Islands was eventually recovered, and he did not forget to reward me well for the part I had played in detecting the assassin of his foster-father, and recovering the cross of gold.



# GOOD READING

King Albert of Belgium is not only an ardent motorist, but he is devoted to mechanics. Visiting the automobile salon at Brussels recently, he became so interested in a special type of car that he insisted on taking it to pieces himself and putting it together again, to the great discomfiture of the head of the exhibiting firm, who was compelled to confess that he himself had not mastered the intricacies of his machine.

An organization for the promotion of temperance in France has been founded by M. Schmidt, deputy for the department of the Vosges. It includes every shade of political and religious belief and all classes of society—politicians, professional men and workmen. A meeting, addressed by doctors, lawyers and a deputy, has been held in Bordeaux. The new association, which is called L'Alarme, justifies its name by calling attention to the rising flood of alcoholism in France.

The clever priests of China often insert tiny images of Buddha within the shells of a living clam, which are left undisturbed for about a year. At the expiration of that time the images are covered with mother of pearl to such an extent that they appear to have grown in this natural manner. The Chinese people hold these shells in great reverence, believing that Buddha dwells within them. However, should a Christian chance to look upon one of the shells, it has no further value to them, as its charm is supposed to have left it.

Members of the congregation of the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church, Pueblo, Colo., insist that their pastor, the Rev. George N. Henderson, is entitled to the distinction of being "Pueblo's grittiest preacher." To back up their claim, they point to the fact that Dr. Henderson filled the pulpit at two services one Sunday recently with a pair of broken ribs and made no complaint. Since then he has been taken to a hospital. The pastor was injured in a bicycle accident. He was thrown from the wheel on Saturday and he preached as usual on Sunday. Then he called a physician and an examination showed that two ribs had been broken.

The English government and the English people as a whole are apparently in keen sympathy with the United States in seeking to pacify Mexico. The leading newspapers almost unanimously indorsed the United States in the present crisis. The Spectator in an editorial says: "If the United States sets herself systematically to conquer Mexico and restore order there, she will have the most sincere good wishes of all who think that civilization is preferable to barbarism. Cheers which the British sailors gave the American landing parties at Vera Cruz were an absolutely accurate expression of the feelings of all men of British birth. We are heart and soul for the United States against Mexico."

A postal card came from Hot Springs, Ark., directed to "Tige, Hammond, Ind." Postal authorities pondered over it long. It read: "Darling Tige, are you a good dog?" and was signed "Mother." Julius Kosanke, a mail carrier of Hammond, Ind., agreed to deliver it. He called Tige at doors all day and was chased by them. He at last came to a house where a bow-legged, sway-backed bull pup came out to meet him. The dog growled savagely and Kosanke said, "Hello, Tige!" and the dog wagged his stubby tail. The carrier asked the woman of the house whether her dog's name was Tige. "It is. Have you a letter from his mother?" she asked Kosanke, and then continued: "Well, here is a letter to his mother; please mail it."

The police of Kenosha, Wis., spent a whole day searching for a bag of gold. It was real gold at that. On a recent afternoon an eleven-year-old boy had gone to one of the local banks and asked for ten dollars' worth of nickels for change. By an error on the part of a clerk he was given a bag containing eighty new five-dollar gold pieces. The mistake was not discovered until after banking hours, and then it was reported to the police. Chief of Police O'Hare started to make a census of all the eleven-year-old boys employed in Kenosha. Late that night the bag of gold was found at the saloon of Louis Robsel. He declared that he had planned to return it to the bank in the morning, believing that the bank knew of the mistake and had not worried about the money being returned. The chief saved the man the trouble of a trip down town and from the bank the 200 nickels were sent out by a special messenger.

Four lions attacked a herd of cattle on a farm at Romsey, South Africa, says a news item in the Rhodesia Herald. The herdboys were standing on an ant heap, examining a pair of boots he had got the day previous, when he heard a low growl near him. On looking up, he saw that three lions had got hold of three cows, while another lion stood looking on. The boy pulled off his boots and threw them at the nearest lion, and then made a rush for them with a stick, shouting at the same time at the top of his voice to another herdboys to bring a gun. In the meantime two lions had got their cows down, but, nothing daunted, the Kafir made a rush for them, and the lions moved away from their prey. The boy then rounded up his cattle (he had 108 head), and while he was doing so had to chase the lions away several times; when he was at one side, the lions would try to catch the cattle on the other. However, he brought all his cattle safely home. Since then one of the cows has died, the claw of a lion having penetrated her lung. For cool daring, it would be hard to beat the chasing of four lions single handed, and with no weapon except a pair of boots and a stick.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### KILLED TWO WILD HOGS.

G. B. Lewis, a farmer living near Ben, Ark., killed two wild hogs recently which ran away from his place in 1910. The hogs were not full grown when they left and went away to the range, since when all efforts to get them had been futile until recently, when he found them in the forest and shot them at a distance of about 100 yards. He has three more hogs that are also in the forest. The hogs go in bunches in the woods and are as hard to find and kill as a deer. They are afraid of men and will run from them, but have no fear of dogs and will attack them. The two hogs killed by Lewis dressed about 200 pounds each.

### A QUEER PHENOMENON.

No solution of the mystery that developed some weeks ago, when water in the city's wells rose to 120 degrees, is offered in a report by C. A. Haskins, State Engineer, to city officials of Girard, Kan. After long investigation and consideration Mr. Haskins said he could find no cause for heat, but pronounced the water pure. The water's temperature still is 90 degrees. The city water is obtained from two wells, 1,200 feet deep. After showing a gradual warming tendency for several days, the temperature jumped from 80 to 120 degrees, melting the valves and putting the pumps out of commission. After remaining at that temperature several days, the water gradually cooled, and new pumps were installed.

### CHINESE LAND SAILORS.

The sailing wheelbarrows of China are a sight to delight the eyes of an old salt stranded inland, particularly in the Shensi district, where night and day, for months at a stretch, without ceasing, the wind blows steadily from west to east at an average velocity of more than fifteen miles an hour. Luckily, this chances to be the direction of the country's produce transportation, so that the heaviest laden of the barrow craft are able to make port with a fair wind. A wind dead astern, however, is by no means absolutely necessary, for, by ingeniously contrived supports on the sides of the barrows, the sails may be set to take advantage of almost every slant of breeze.

With a twenty-mile wind astern and a not too choppy set in the road, a Senshi coolie will trot along behind his load of 1,000 or 1,500 pounds at a speed of six or seven miles an hour with scarcely more exertion than a sailor in spinning the steering wheel of a schooner running before a fresh sou'-easter.

### QUEER HAPPENINGS.

Dinners will be served to children of Public School No. 4, Yonkers, for two cents each.

Thomas Donohue, Passaic, kicked over a milk bottle that contained gasoline. Then he lighted a match to see what happened. He was badly burned about face and hands.

Mrs. Mary Helwig, Yonkers, had her son, Max, in court, complaining he had already lost one eye playing golf and she was afraid he might lose the other.

A stray rifle bullet hit order book Charles Fessenden, Stony Point, carried in his breast pocket. Book saved his life.

Second-story worker leaving Donald Stewart's home, at Garrison, with \$350 worth of loot, tumbled to ground, spilling it all, and fled empty-handed.

Men doing business in Crooks avenue, Clifton, N. J., say name of the street hurts trade and reputation and want it changed.

Accused of stealing \$1, Mrs. Florence Burlingame, of Philipstown, pleaded she wanted money to buy face powder.

John Schneider, after fighting fire in his house in Mount Kisco, took volunteers away to buy drink. Flames re-kindled and destroyed place.

Mrs. Herbert Curry, of Stony Point, holding mule while her husband branded it with hot iron, had two ribs broken from kick.

Burglars with \$1 worth of explosive blow safe of W. F. Perry, Cold Spring, N. Y., and find inside a bottle of olives—nothing else.

Ralph Bohlman, Orangetown, N. Y., gives his watch to burglar on demand, whereupon thief hands over package of tobacco coupons, saying, "Get better one."

Burglars who worked several hours forcing entrance into Paterson home obtained a dime savings bank containing \$2.50. Owner said thief was entitled to this for his hard night's work.

Overjoyed at prospect of going to a grandchild's wedding, Mrs. Katherine Gurnee, seventy-five, of Wesley Chapel, Rockland County, dropped dead from heart failure.

Thwarted in attempt to hang himself by limb of tree breaking, William Smalley, of Dutchess Junction, gave as a reason that he needed money to buy false teeth.

Cigarette tossed into clothes closet by Philip Conick, a boy of Garnersville, when he heard his father coming, set fire to clothes and burned \$94 in cash.

Amagansett, L. I., fishermen declare they are not squatters, but own the beach; refuse to be ousted by cottagers.

Charles Deuterman, Harrison, N. Y., caused his own arrest to test the labor law; Supreme Court denies him writ of habeas corpus.

George Remsen, fined 6 cents for trespass, has complainant. John Wolodoski, arrested for beating his horses; Wolodoski fined \$10.

Mrs. Agathy L. Winfield, who died recently in Richmond Hill, left \$5 to her husband, Charles D., and \$8,700 to other relatives.

Mrs. M. H. Mainland, Jamaica, L. I., is searching for family of E. P. Morris, six persons, who lived a week in her house, paying no rent and not spending a cent for food.



# ITCH POWDER.



Gez whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

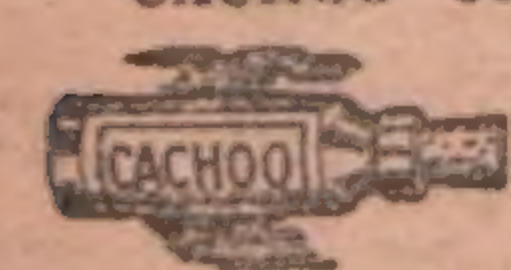
# GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

# LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the nearest and best cheap trick ever invented. Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

# LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK



This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# X-RAY WONDER



This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# VANISHING CIGAR.

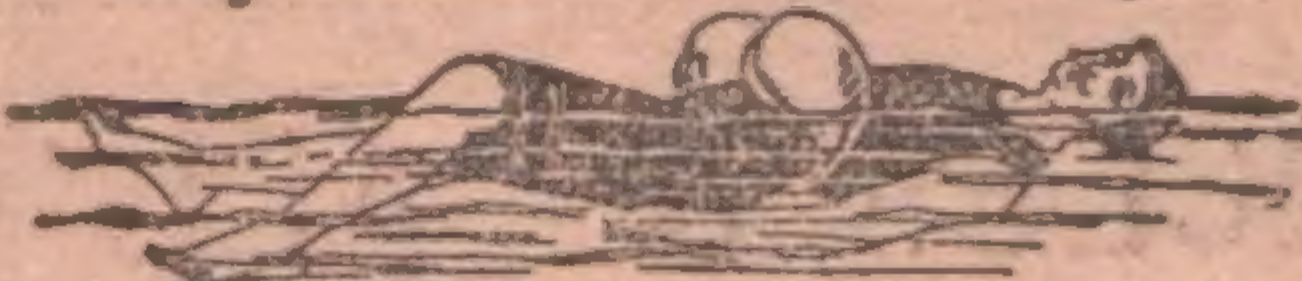


This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

# Ayvad's Water-Wings



# Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-hankerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# WHISTLEPHONE



This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, post-paid

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

# CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.



Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance side-wise before it is released for flight. Price, 35c. each, delivered.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# MICROSCOPE.



By use of this wonderful little microscope you can magnify a drop of stagnant water until you see dozens of crawling insects; is also useful for inspecting grain, pork, linen, and numerous other articles. This little instrument does equally as good work as the best microscopes and is invaluable to the household. Is made of best finished brass; size when closed 1x2 1/4 inches. Price, 30c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# SLIDE THE PENCIL.



The pencil that keeps them guessing. Made of wood and lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



# EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 days

free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, freight prepaid, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free. **TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. **RIDER AGENTS** wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model Ranger furnished by us. **It Costs You Nothing** to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W188 CHICAGO, ILL.

**EASY MONEY** Flash our "Muller's Bank Roll" and make 'em all "rubber." These goods are made in Washington and are dandies. Easy money handling them. Send 10c for sample "wad," and Big Catalog. Address, McKINLEY CO., Dept. T, WINONA, MINN.

**VOICE THROWER** Wonderful instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. McKINLEY CO., 29 WINONA, MINN.

# MARBLE VASE.

A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase. Price, 20c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

# GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.

It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

# BLACK-EYE JOKE.

New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

# THE MAGIC DAGGER.

A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it. Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

# THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.

A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These illputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



### THE FOUNTAIN RING.



A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a

sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.



The puzzle is to separate the one star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### SPRING TOPS



Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top in the market.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.



Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE FLUTOPHONE.



A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest/dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the centre. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We will send full instructions with each instrument.

Price 8 cents, by mail, postpaid. A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., B'klyn., N. Y.

### THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the flute and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.



The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE GERMAN OCARINA



A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany, from which peculiar but sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in a short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd-looking instrument.

Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

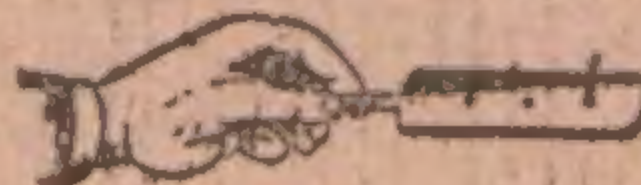
### ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.



The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black wood, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE PEG JUMPER.



A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

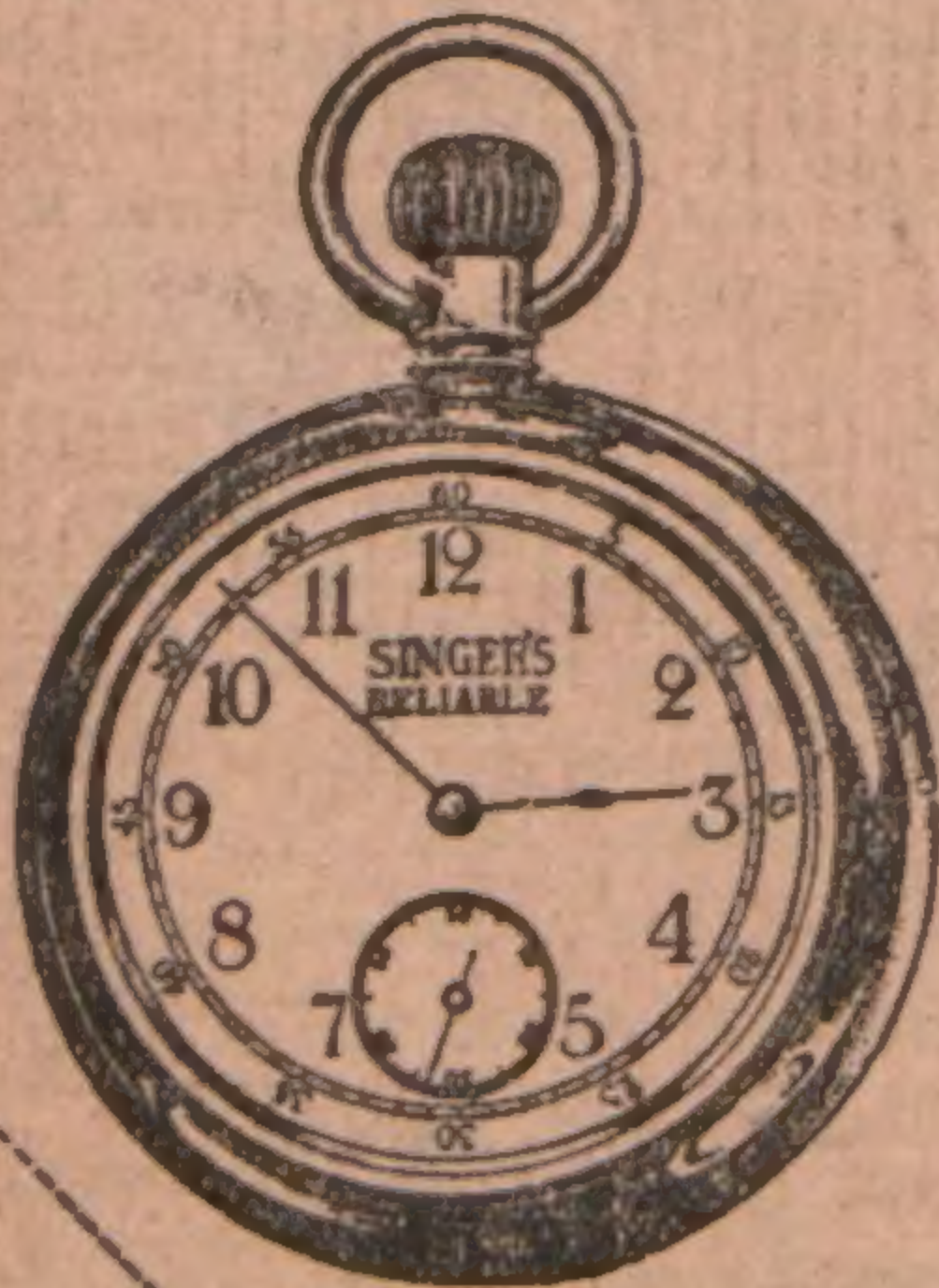
## Look! A GRAND PREMIUM Look!

One of these fine watches FREE to anyone sending us

- One—1 year's subscription at . . . \$2.50
- Two—6 months' subscriptions at . . . 1.25 each
- Four—3 months' subscriptions at . . . 0.65 each

For either of the following: "Moving Picture Stories," "Happy Days," "Wild West Weekly," "Fame and Fortune Weekly," "The Liberty Boys of '76," "Secret Service," "Work and Win," or "Pluck and Luck."

There is only one condition—send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send you the watch, and any one of the above publications for the period subscribed for.



Face



Back

### Premium Coupon

Date.....

This coupon when properly filled out and forwarded with subscription price entitles the holder to Premium mentioned.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

### Description of the Watch

It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

The design on the back case is a fancy engraved scroll.

Send in Your Subscriptions Now to  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher**  
168 West 23d St., N. Y. City







# **FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY**

## —LATEST ISSUES—

403 In Business for Himself; or, The Lad Who Made the Money.  
 404 Charlie of the Curb; or, Beating the Money Brokers.  
 405 A Million in Rubies; or, The Richest Find in the World.  
 406 Tom, the Bank Messenger; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.  
 407 Contractor Bob; or, Fighting for a Big Job.  
 408 A Nerve Deal; or, The Boy Who Bought a Railway.  
 409 In the Newspaper Game; or, The Rise of a Cub Reporter.  
 410 Up to the Minute; or, From Office Boy to Broker. (A Wall Street Story.)  
 411 Full of Business; or, The Young Traveler for the Firm.  
 412 Baffling the Brokers; or, The Boy With the Iron Nerve. (A Wall Street Story.)  
 413 After a Square Deal; or, The Richest Claim in the West.  
 414 Silver Dollar Sam; or, The Coin that Brought Him Luck. (A Story of Wall Street.)  
 415 Bound to Make His Mark; or, Running a Moving Picture Show.  
 416 Ed, the Office Boy; or, The Lad Behind the Deals. (A Wall Street Story.)  
 417 Lost in the Balkans; or, The Luck of a Young War Correspondent.  
 418 Plunging to Win; or, The Deals of a Wall Street Office Boy.  
 419 The Young Shipper; or, The Boy Who Was Always on Top.  
 420 Beating the Bucketshops; or, Breaking Up a Crooked Game. A story of Wall Street.  
 421 Fighting for Fame; or, The Struggles of a Young Author.  
 422 Stocks and Bonds; or, The Firm With a Grip on the Market. A Wall Street story.  
 423 Stranded in the City; or, The Boy with a Head for Business.  
 424 Getting the Coin; or, The Luckiest Lad in Wall Street.  
 425 In the Lumber Trade; or, A Winning Speculator.  
 426 A Boy's Big Deal; or, The Wall Street Tip That Won.

427 Prince, the Printer; or, The Little Shop That Was Made to Pa  
 428 The Little Money King; or, Tempting Fate in Wall Street.  
 429 Among the Missing; or, The Treasure of the Silver City.  
 430 Lucky Larry; or, The Boy Who Made Wall Street Take Notice.  
 431 The Young Wrecker; or, The Boy Who Dealt in Derelicts.  
 432 In the Game for Gold; or, Beating the Wall Street Market.  
 433 Messenger Sixty-Four; or, Hustling for a Living.  
 434 Old Kitson's Kid; or, The Best Tip in Wall Street.  
 435 Lineman Jack; or, The Boy Who Built a Business.  
 436 Barry & Co., Bankers and Brokers; or, The Boy Money-Makers Wall Street.  
 437 On the Fast Mail; or, From Clerk to Postmaster.  
 438 His Last Chance; or, The Boy Who Made Money in Wall Street.  
 439 Shipped to Sea; or, The Treasures of the Coral Cave.  
 440 An Errand Boy's Fortune; or, The Office of Wall Street Secrets.  
 441 In the Film Game; or, The Boy Who Made Moving Pictures.  
 442 A Smart New York Boy; or, From the Tenements to Wall Street.  
 443 Mark Milton's Mine; or, a Schoolboy's Inheritance.  
 444 The Young Banker; or, The Mystery of a Money Box.  
 445 The Secret Chart. or, The Golden Treasure of the Crater.  
 446 The Boy Behind the Deals; or, The Luck of a Wall Street Broker.  
 447 Thrown on the World; or, Starting Business on a Dollar.  
 448 A Speculator at 16; or, The Lad Who Worked His Brains.  
 449 Tom, the Steeple Jack; or, Winning a Living by Nerve.  
 450 Saving a Million; or, Ben and the Wall Street Brokers.  
 451 Down and Out; or, A Hard Boy to Beat.  
 452 The Boy Banker's Double; or, A Strange Wall Street Mystery.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** . . . . . **168 West 23d St., New York.**

## **IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS**

of our weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Write out and fill in your Order and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** . . . . . **168 West 23d St., New York**

## **OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS**

No. 1. **NAPOLÉON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed.

No. 6. **HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends.

No. 9. **HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 10. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 12. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF**

**ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment.

No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book.

No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cake and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry.

No. 32. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK ENTERTAINMENT.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes.

No. 43. **HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 44. **HOW TO WRITE IN AN ALBUM.**—A grand collection of Album Verses suitable for any time and occasion; embracing Lines of Love, Affection, Sentiment, Humor, Respect, and Condolence; also Verses Suitable for Valentines and Weddings.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cts. per copy, or 3 for 25 cts., in money or postage stamps, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** . . . . . **168 West 23d St., New York.**